

What our Christmas Number will be like. **See Footlines.**

**P.W.
COUPON**

Nov. 3, 1894.

373
Insurance
Claims
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PEARSON'S

WEEKLY

**TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.**

UNEQUALLED

FOR MAKING
*Soups, Stews,
Hashes, Gravies, &c.*
2 PRIZE MEDALS, CHICAGO,
1893.

**EDWARD'S
DESICCATED
SOUPS.**

COOKERY BOOK POST FREE
ON APPLICATION.
Sole Manufacturers—
F. KING & CO., Ltd.,
3 to 6, Cannon St.,
London E.C.

N. 224.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

**THE WONDERFUL
VELVETEEN AT 2/- A YARD.**

be obtained direct from **LEWIS'S**, in Market Street, **MANCHESTER.**

Ladies are invited to write for **PATTERNS** (sent **POST FREE**), in
black and all the most beautiful colours, Fast Pile, Fast Dyed. Every
such Guaranteed. If a Dress should wear badly, or be in any respect
faulty, Lewis will **GIVE A NEW DRESS** for Nothing at all, and pay the

Full Cost for making and Trimming. This
quality is sold by the best drapers at 3/6, 4/6,
and 5/6 a yard, but Lewis's manufacture this
Velveteen themselves, and sell it direct to the
public at 2/- a yard. Carriage paid on all
orders.

CAUTION.—See that every yard of the Wonderful Velveteen is stamped with the Trade Mark, containing facsimile of Lewis's signature.

DRESS MATERIALS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.—Wonderful in Value, style, beauty, and
variety. Ladies, write for the New Patterns. Please mention *Pearson's*, and address
LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

BEETHAM'S
WORLD
FAMED
GOLD
LION
PLASTER

IS THE BEST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED
It acts like magic in relieving all pain and
throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate
corns and bunions. It is especially useful for reducing
enlarged Great Toe Joints, which so spoil the symmetry of
otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have been cured,
some of whom had suffered for fifty years, without
being able to get relief from any other remedy.
(It is a thin plaster, and takes up no room in the foot.) A
trial of a Box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.
Boxes, 1s. 1/6, of all Chemists, or post free, for 10 stamps from the
Proprietors, **M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.**

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN**
IS THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.
Being Woven by Hand it wears longer, and retains its rich satin appearance to the last. By obtaining it direct all
intermediate profits are saved, and it costs no more than is usually charged for common power-loom goods.
IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.
Ladies' Borders, 2/6; Gents', 3/3 doz.; Ladies' Hemstitched, 2/6; Gents', 3/11 doz.
ROBINSON AND CLEAVER, BELFAST.
Irish Linen Cambric Handkerchief and Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to Her Majesty the Queen, the
Emperor Frederick of Germany, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, &c., &c.
Full-coloured Illustrated Price List and samples sent post free.

IN BOTTLE AND ON DRAUGHT.
**STONE'S
GINGER
WINE**

**Sold by Grocers, Wine Merchants,
and Stores, everywhere.**

One little bottle of Norton's Pills
Is not guaranteed to cure all ills,
But one little bottle, beyond all question,
Will thoroughly conquer Indigestion!

NORTON'S
Trade Mark—One Little Bottle.

100 Years' Reputation as
an Unequalled Remedy for Indi-
gestion, Headache, Biliousness,
Debility, Stomach and Liver
Complaints. Splendid Tonic.
Gentle Aperient. Mild in opera-
tion, Absolutely Safe, and Free
from Injurious Drugs. An
Unfailing Remedy.

AN ALWAYS ENJOYABLE TEA. PURE AND FRAGRANT.

**YOUNG FRESH &
Choice DULCEMONA TEA.**
INVIGORATING.

The Queen says: "Dulcemona Tea is a distinct addition to the
teas in present use, and should have a large future before it if it
keeps up to its present standard of EXCELLENCE. It is MOST
DELICATE in FLAVOUR, and REFRESHING to a degree."

1/6, 1/10, 2/-, & 2/4 per lb., in Packets only.
Agents everywhere. First Class Grocers. Wholesale only: 11 & 11a, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.

**SMOKE
FLOR DE ZENANA**
Choicest of all
Mild Indian Cigars.
OF ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS.

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,
Are selling fast the most wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100 Pieces



for £1 1s. 0d.

A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed **Worth the Guinea alone**, consequently a charming
China Tea Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given **FOR NOTHING**.
Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.
The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company are manufacturers, not middlemen like many
other advertisers. The Pearson Potteries have nearly 2,000 ft. frontage to the town of Hanley.
Hundreds of these packages are applied for as **Wedding or Birthday Presents**. And what more useful
present can be given? Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.
Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed.
All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

JOHN NOBLE LTD.,

THE WAREHOUSE,
11, PICCADILLY,

MANCHESTER

**KNOCKABOUT FROCKS
FOR GIRLS**

are supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge,
with saddle top, long all sleeves, belt and pocket

FROM **1/6** EACH

Note the following low prices:
Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 ins.
Price 1/6 2/- 2/6 3/- 3/6 ca.

Lengths 36 39 42 45 ins.
Price 4/- 4/6 5/- 5/6 ca.

**EVERY PURCHASER
DELIGHTED.**

The lengths stated are
from top of neck-
band to bottom of
skirt in front.

DON'T BE AFRAID

to order by post: John Noble Ltd. will refund cash if goods be not approved. John Noble Ltd. is an old-established undertaking with a capital of £50,000, possessing a magnificent Warehouse in the centre of Manchester and a large and well equipped factory employing upwards of 800 workers, and may safely be relied on to perform all the promises made in this advertisement in every particular.

NOBLE'S NOVELTY

In Dress Fabrics for Seasonable Wear
ing hundreds of Novel and Artistic
and Colourings, are unanimously recom-
by the leading journals of Fashion
everywhere are invited to write at once

John Noble's Large B

containing over

1,000 New Pattern

sent post free on approval to
A post-card sent to The
will ensure their immediate
The value and variety
all.

**PATTERNS
POST F**

**THE JOHN NOBLE
HALF GUINEA COSTUMES**

NEW
REGISTERED
DESIGN

FOR
WINTER
1894

**OVER 800 WORKERS EMPLOYED
IN THEIR MANUFACTURE.
THE MOST REMARKABLE VALUE
PRODUCED.**



**DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST
FIRM OF COSTUME MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD, AT
LESS THAN HALF ORDINARY
PRICES.**

These Costumes are made in The John Noble Cheviot Serge, in Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, Tan, Grey or Drab, and are supplied complete for the ridiculous price of 10/6 each, packed in leather board box, and sent carriage paid, for 9d. extra.

The John Noble Half Guinea Costumes are known all over the world as the most remarkable value ever produced, and have created a complete revolution in the cost of garments for Ladies' wear.

DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKE,
JOHN NOBLE'S price (10s. 6d.) is not for the mere dress length but for the complete costume made up and ready for immediate wear.

THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD

THE PRESENT DESIGN EXCELS ALL PREVIOUS ONES
in every respect. The style is better, the cut is superior, and the make and finish beyond all criticism, thus adding in a triple degree to the already marvellous value of these Costumes, which have secured an enormous success, and are known in every part of the civilised world. Each Costume packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 inches round the bust under arms, but larger or special sizes can be made to order at a cost of 1s. 6d. extra.

DO NOT HESITATE to give these Costumes a trial. Post your order to John Noble, Ltd., and you will be delighted with the value received.

10/6

THE TRUTH OF AN ADVERTISEMENT is not proven by the quantity of orders resulting from its appearance, but by the number of subsequent orders that eventually come to hand from the same persons and it is an incontestable proof of the genuineness of John Noble's advertisements, that the number of repeat orders received daily for these Costumes is fully equalled to that of first orders. Moreover, **LADIES ARE INFORMED** these are not slop-made or "skinny" looking garments that will break out at the seams and fall to pieces after a few weeks' wear, but full-sized, stylish and thoroughly durable costumes, equally suitable for Morning or General Wear, Gardening, Walking, Climbing, Boat- ing, Tennis, Golf, Travelling, or in fact, they are equally well

ADAPTED FOR ANY WEAR OR ANY WEARER ANYWHERE.

THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.)
is a fabric of world-wide fame and durability. It is strong, ever necessary. This fabric has never been equalled at 50. might reasonably be said to be worth anywhere Brown, Myrtle, Reseda, Ruby, Grey, Drab, Tan or of SIX YARDS FOR

7/6

wide, does not spot with rain and may be washed when the price, and so far as wear and general appearance between 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. the yard. Colors Navy, Black. Every reader can secure a Full Dress Length Sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Patterns also Illustrated "Book of the Serge" and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies' and Children's wear sent Post Free to any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY on application to

**JOHN NOBLE, Ltd.
11, Piccadilly,
MANCHESTER.**

FROM
5/6
**LADIES
COSTUME
SKIRTS**

In the
Fashion-
able Wide
These are supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge as follows:
Costume Skirts untrimmed

PRICE **5/6** ONLY

Costume Skirts, trimmed one row fancy braid edged gold silk Russia Cord, price only 6s. 11d.;
Costume Skirts trimmed broad cross-band edged gold silk cord, price only 7s. 11d.;
Costume Skirts trimmed two rows hand- some Cheviot braid, price only 8s. 11d. Each skirt packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. Colors: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, Grey, Tan or Drab.

A WARNING!

Readers are specially cautioned against buying any Costumes represented as the manu- facture of John Noble Ltd. from travellers, agents or shops; many very inferior imitations of these world-famed Costumes are just now being offered, produced in inferior materials in order to sell them at the same price but as John Noble Ltd. have no agents, no branches, or shops, intending purchasers are cautioned that the genuine goods can only be obtained direct from the Originators and Sole Manufacturers (John Noble Ltd.), and all letters should be addressed JOHN NOBLE LTD., THE WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER.

PRESENTS

that are useful are always more acceptable than articles made only to look at, and what can be more acceptable as a Seasonable Gift, to a Lady or Child, than one of The JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE COSTUMES?

JOHN NOBLE LTD.,

THE WAREHOUSE,
11, PICCADILLY,

MANCHESTER.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON W.C.

PRICE
8/9
COMPLETE
**YOUNG
MISSSES
COSTUMES**

that has quite taken the public fancy. They thing for regular wear, being made in the Cheviot Serge, and consisting of stylish extra wide Skirt. The Bodice is made gathered front, full fashionable sleeves and fastens up the back. The Skirt is sizes, viz. 33 and 36 inches long, and is rows of narrow black Russia Braid; the and belt of bodice being trimmed similar Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Rese- also in fashionable mixtures of drab or grey. Price for the complete Costume only 8s. 9d. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. When ordering please state whether skirt is required 33 or 36in. long

8/9

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 224.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING NOV. 3, 1894.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE KING IS DYING.

Fool, stand back, the king is dying,
Give him what little air remains;
See'st thou not how his pulse is flying?
Hear'st thou not how he gasps and strains
To catch one other stertorous breath?
God! how he labours! yes, this is death.

Blow up the fire—his feet are cold;
Ay, though a king, he cannot buy
One briefest moment with all his gold;
His hour has come, and he must die;
Withered and wrinkled, and old and grey,
The king fares out on the common way.

Light the tapers; he's almost gone;
Stir, thou fool, 'tis past the hour
To cower and cringe, and flatter and fawn—
The thing lying there is shorn of power;
Henceforth the lips of the king are dumb;
Bring up thy ghostly viaticum.

Absolve his soul; need enough, God wot!
Mumble and sprinkle and do thy shriving;
Yet, methinks, here and there shall be left a blot.
Hideously foul, despite thy shriving;
Nor purled quilts, nor pillows of lace,
Can relieve the guilt in that grim old face.

Soft! stand back—it is his last:
Get hence, thy priestly craft is o'er;
For him the pomp of the world is past—
The king that was is king no more;
Let the bells be rung, let the mass be said,
Let the king's heir know that the king is dead.

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

WHEN "Robinson Crusoe" was first published many people took it quite seriously as a record of genuine travel and adventure.

Robinson's name once led to a ludicrous misunderstanding. Tallyrand one day invited Sir George Robinson, a well-known Englishman, to dinner, and told his wife that their guest was a great traveller, and liked to be talked to about his travels.

Madame Tallyrand was rather a stupid woman, and when she got into conversation with Sir George, she began by telling him how concerned she had felt when reading the story of his troubles and privations. The visitor was puzzled, bowed politely, and said nothing, but, like the parrot, thought the more.

Presently the good lady asked after "Cher Vendredi," that dear Friday, whose society had been such a solace to him.

It then dawned upon Sir John that poor Madame Tallyrand had actually taken him in very deed for the Robinson of Defoe's great story; and rather embarrassing were the explanations that ensued.

A TOWN OF CRIPPLES.

ONE of the strangest places in the United States is the little city of Hazardville, Connecticut, for in this small place nearly every person one meets is a cripple. Men without arms and legs, or with badly-scarred faces, meet you at every turn, until the visitor begins to feel that he is visiting the grounds of some hospital after a great battle.

But the secret of this strange condition of the population is that near Hazardville are the greatest powder mills in the world, and all the cripples have been maimed by explosions.

Strange though it may appear, these poor creatures seem very cheerful and happy, and often one comes upon a group of ten or twenty laughing and talking as light-hearted and contented as if they possessed all their limbs.

One peculiarity will, however, strike the new comer at once, and that is the extreme care with which they move about, as if the force of habit acquired in the powder-mills still clings to them even after they have been forced to leave their work.

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TRUANT SCHOOLS.

AN ARTICLE TO READ TO A BOY WHO SHIRKS LESSONS.

THERE are about a dozen truant schools in England. They are institutions founded for the express purpose of dealing with such incorrigible schoolboys as will not or cannot attend their classes regularly. In the first case the procedure is simple, for the parents generally consent to their sons being taken away to be taught the advantages of sticking to the educational last, and an order signed by a magistrate is all that is necessary.

But in the second case it is usually the parents themselves who are the cause of the mischief, by keeping young hopeful away from school, so that he may supply them with drink and other comforts by begging or working. Under these conditions a prosecution of the parents by the School Board is needed before the magistrate's order can be obtained.

Let us at the outset clearly distinguish truant schools from reformatories. The former admit no boys who have been convicted of larceny or any sort of felony within their walls; but under Section XI. of the Elementary Education Act of 1876, lads who habitually play truant or are found "wandering" in the company of thieves or other suspicious characters, are sent to these institutions until the age of fourteen, subject to their being let out with a licence after a month in the school.

In actual practice they are never sent home till they have had twelve weeks' discipline, which is generally found sufficient to make them regard their scholastic duties in a new light. A fee of 6s. 6d. per week is paid for the boy's maintenance by the School Board which secured his entry, and a further 2s. per week is contributed by the Home Office, which has these establishments under its wing. Inspection—scholastic, sanitary, and general—is carried out regularly once a year, and an unexpected visit by an inspecting officer may also be made at any moment.

When one of these young scapegraces arrives at a truant school he is immediately clipped, stripped, bathed, disinfected, and re-clad in a uniform of stout corduroy. The clothes in which he came are thoroughly fumigated and cleaned, and are carefully put by against the date of his departure. He himself is talked to by the superintendent, and shown why he has come, and how and by what line of conduct he may soonest get home again. But preaching is a very fractional part of the system here in vogue, which aims rather at bracing the boys' minds and bodies, and inculcating the notions of method and discipline by a continuous round of schooling and employment. They are up at six in the morning, and, having made their own beds, set to work at once to clean the building down from top to bottom.

They never go outside the walls except to church on Sunday. And to boys who have been used to running about the streets at will that is a great privation. If the thought of regaining liberty is not enough to make them fall in with discipline, the authorities try the cane, and, if that fails, the birch; birching is inflicted before the whole school, and is almost always efficacious. It the very rare cases when it is not, the boy is separated from his fellows; solitude is a severe punishment at that time of life, and a day or two of it is enough.

"ILLUSTRATED with cuts," as the boy said when he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," repeated the teacher, as he drew his rod over the boy's back.

RAGGED RICHARD (insinuatingly): "I say, mister have yer got any suggestions ter make a feller wa'at ain't able ter raise er penny ter git shaved with?" Grumble (passing on): "Yes; grow a beard."

DRAWING MASTER: "Now, boys, I want you to draw something out of your own heads."

Small Boy (handing master a hair): "Please, sir, will one hair do, 'cos it hurts to pull out many?"

"THERE seems to be nothing in the market," said Mrs. Hendrick despairingly to the Widow Jenkins, who had "just dropped in for a moment." "I'm worried to death to know what to get for—" "Why, ma," interrupted Bobby, who was laboriously pencilling his name on the wall, "I heard you say that Mrs. Jenkins was in the market."

AN ABSOLUTELY ORIGINAL COMPETITION.

BELOW will be found particulars of a competition which, whilst presenting not the slightest element of luck yet offers an equal chance to all who enter, and, at the same time will be found most entertaining and not too difficult. These are about the only essentials which go to form an ideal competition, and it remains to be seen whether this, the latest novelty from Henrietta Street, will have, in the eyes of my readers, all the advantages which are above set forth.

This is the idea: In the first two issues of *Pearson's Library* there are over 250 illustrations of all sorts and shapes. Now it seems to me that by a combination of a certain number of these, grouped together, a highly interesting picture might be made. Therefore I am prepared to offer the sum of Five guineas to the person who succeeds in making the most effective picture—from an artistic, humorous, or any other point of view—out of not fewer than six and not more than twelve illustrations taken from the first and second novels together, or either of them.

All you have to do is to buy copies of each novel, cut out all the illustrations, and then try and piece together from six to a dozen of them as effectively as possible. Let me impress upon you that the subject of your patchwork sketch is left entirely to your own discretion, and that any illustrations you use may be cut up as you please. It is not necessary to use up the whole of each sketch, so long as your composite picture embraces portions of at least six and not more than twelve illustrations from these two novels.

This competition will not close until Tuesday, November 20th.

(See page 256 for particulars of the 2nd Novel in *Pearson's Library*.)

THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE TOY.

OF all the toys at Windsor Castle—and they are many—it is said that the Queen is most fond of a beautiful working model of the heavens. This ingenious piece of mechanism shows the whole of our system, with the celestial poles and the sun.

There is a tiny model of the moon, which revolves about the earth, and all the planets with their satellites are properly represented. For a study of astronomy, and for a right understanding of the celestial globe, there could be nothing finer than this model.

It shows our earth turning upon its own axis, and moving round the sun. It gives a perfect idea of the relative positions of the ordinary planets, and it is worked by a clockwork arrangement which is the perfection of ingenuity.

A CHEAP DINNER.

DASHAWAY: "Condole with me, old man. I have just lost a very excellent dinner."

Cleverton: "In what way?"

Dashaway: "Over a bet. The other day, Winkle, Stuffer, and myself were strolling in the park, and I happened to mention that a few nights before I had met a certain Miss Miller at a dinner for the first time, and the question came up as to whether, if she met me in the street, she would bow. Winkle and I got into a heated discussion over it. He maintained that she wouldn't bow, that it wasn't customary, and I said she would. Then I bet him the finest dinner that could be bought that the next time I met her she would bow, and he took me up. We got quite excited over it, when, by Jove! what do you think happened?"

Cleverton: "You met the girl."

Dashaway: "Precisely."

Cleverton: "And she, of course, didn't bow."

Dashaway: "But she did bow, and I won the bet. But (sadly) I lost the dinner, old fellow."

Cleverton: "I don't see how that could be."

Dashaway: "You forget that Stuffer was there. While Winkle and I were betting and were so excited he made a remark that we agreed to. We didn't exactly grasp the meaning of it until afterwards."

Cleverton: "What on earth could it have been?"

Dashaway: "He said he would hold the stakes."

STORIES OF MONTE CARLO.

By JOAN BARRETT.

No. 4.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, dear, it was simply awful! I don't know when I have suffered so much in all my life. Eric made no attempt to deny his infatuation for this—this creature, and he wanted to write at once to poor Muriel and ask her for his freedom. Did you ever hear of such shameless conduct? And Eric, my boy, to behave like this!"

There were tears of wounded pride and anger in Lady Hartley's voice. Her thin lips quivered, and a bright flush mounted into her delicate cheeks.

Pretty little Mrs. Swayne looked at her with a pity that was partly curiosity.

"Eric is a gentleman," she said, in her bright eager way. "He cannot jilt Muriel! It is impossible."

"Oh, my dear," Lady Hartley cried, despairingly. "Nothing in the whole world is impossible to a man who believes himself to be in love. If you had heard Eric talk, you would really have thought that he was proud of his resolve to write and tell his miserable story to Muriel. He actually declared that he would be acting unfairly towards Muriel if he kept his promise to marry her. And when I pointed out what a cruel shock it would be to her, and how all our friends would cry out against his conduct, he coolly said that it would be far better for Muriel in the end, and that he could stand any amount of abuse, because he should always feel that he had followed the dictates of his conscience. When you are trying to point out the evil results of a man's folly, and he begins to drag his conscience into the argument, what can you do?"

Mrs. Swayne lay back in her rocking-chair, and fixed her brown eyes upon the waving palms in front of her.

"Of course, he does not intend to marry her—this person, I mean," she said, slowly, and without daring to look at her friend's face.

"But he does! That is the worst part of the entire affair. He says that she has never had a chance, and that everybody has been down upon her here, and that he intends to raise her to the level of other women. I tried to show him that it was rather hard upon Muriel, that she should be sacrificed as a preliminary step towards his quixotic attempt at reforming this woman, but I could do nothing with him; nothing at all!"

"I wonder," said Mrs. Swayne, musingly, "what she is like." Lady Hartley took no notice of this truly feminine remark. Like most people in trouble, she merely desired a patient audience.

"I persuaded him not to write to Muriel to-day. I begged him to wait, if only for twenty-four hours. I don't know why I did. I feel confident that I shall gain nothing by it. Only I felt that I wanted to stave off the blow to Muriel as long as I possibly could. Look, Mary," she added, with a tear running down her face. "I took the dear child's last portrait to show him, and—and—he said: 'Good gracious! How fat she has grown!' Was it not brutal of him?"

Mrs. Swayne stretched out her hand for the photograph. "The other girl must be very slim," she thought. Aloud, she said, commiseratingly: "Poor Muriel! And she has got on that sweet gown from Paris! What a shame! How well her hair is dressed. She must have got a new maid!"

"When Eric said that," continued Lady Hartley, "I felt that there was no longer any hope of winning back his love for Muriel. No man can be in love with a woman and call her fat. If Eric had used the word 'plump,' I should have thought that there was still a little room for hope. I can only try now to prevent this marriage."

"I wish I could help you, dear Lady Hartley," Mrs. Swayne said. "Nobody can be fonder of Eric than I am. He is the best dancer of my acquaintance, and he is simply invaluable in a country house. What a talent he has for getting up theatricals and bazaars! To think that we shall lose him; for, I suppose, you will not receive his wife?"

"I shall never acknowledge that person, should my son marry her," Lady Hartley cried, with such a warm flush of indignation that the tears ceased to run down her cheeks. "He actually asked me to be kind to her. He wanted me to call upon her!"

"Ah! and why don't you?" Lady Hartley raised her head and looked at Mrs. Swayne without speaking. She appeared too amazed to speak. Mrs. Swayne smiled a little and added eagerly:

"Yes, I mean it. Call upon her. It is a splendid idea. Offer her money. You can afford to buy Eric's freedom. Those people will do anything for money, I believe. You can try, anyhow."

"Mary," Lady Hartley said, with hope in her voice, "you are a treasure. There is something in your idea. If I can only prove to Eric that this woman is marrying him solely for his position and wealth, the betrayal of her cupidity may turn his heart back to poor Muriel."

"It may," Mrs. Swayne replied, dubiously, as she returned the photograph to Lady Hartley. "It will be a great thing if you can save him. What is this girl's name, and where does she live?"

Lady Hartley made a wry face.

"She lives at the other end of Mentone," she answered. "Somewhere near the Central Casino. Eric calls her Mademoiselle Alibert, but I am told by other people that she is commonly known to her friends by the name of Lulu."

Lady Hartley's pulses beat a little more quickly than usual when she stood outside the door of Mademoiselle Alibert's flat, waiting for an answer to her somewhat nervous ring.

It was a pleasant surprise to her when a clean old Frenchwoman, in a spotless cap and large frilled apron, opened the door. The servant's face was rosy and pleasant. She looked kind and honest. Her eyes lingered wonderingly upon Lady Hartley's delicate features, and then wandered

over the lady's rich but quiet dress, while Lady Hartley was asking if Mademoiselle Alibert was at home and could she see her.

Oh, yes, Mademoiselle was at home. And no doubt the lady could see her. Would madame give her card?

"No," said Lady Hartley, dreading lest the girl should refuse to see her when she knew that she was Eric's mother. "It is not necessary."

She waited a moment in a small passage, uncarpeted, chairless, and dark, until the servant again appearing ushered her into a large salon, gaudily furnished, and only redeemed from absolute vulgarity by the large quantity of beautiful flowers on the tables and in the corners.

A slight, dark-eyed girl rose from a sofa, and came forward eagerly to meet Lady Hartley. The visitor noticed her pink silk tea gown, her tiny feet and hands, and lastly the pale small face that was both pretty and refined.

A suspicion of powder upon the temples and chin, perhaps even a faint touch of rouge beneath those melancholy but lovely dark eyes, almost escaped Lady Hartley's notice. The girl looked like a lady. There was nothing pronounced nor common in her appearance, though, to be sure, the pink silk tea gown, with its soft ruching of yellow lace, rather told against her. She wore a great many diamonds also. Too many, in fact. They glittered upon the broad band of black velvet that clasped her throat, they shone in her ears, in the comb at the back of her head, upon the long fingers, and peeped out from the folds of her gown as she crossed the room, the somewhat short skirt displaying the daintily buckled shoe and a small piece of an open work silk stocking.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, stopping suddenly in the middle of the room, and throwing out her hands with a babyish gesture of disappointment. "You are not Madame Fortune, the fortune teller!" Lady Hartley drew herself up. She felt antagonistic. This girl's evident youth, her prettiness, her costly dress, all helped to harden the heart of Eric's mother. And then her appearance was so French! She felt vexed because Mademoiselle Alibert was not vulgar looking, was not a trifle *passée*, and had used art so slightly in enhancing her good looks that instead of offending the eye it actually pleased it.

"I am Lady Hartley," she said, stiffly. "My son has spoken of you to me. I wish to make you a proposal."

Mademoiselle Alibert's eyebrows went up. The elder woman's drawn lips, cold stare, and severe face told her that Eric's mother had not called upon her with friendly intent.

Ceremoniously offering Lady Hartley a chair, Lulu took another facing her visitor, and folding her hands in her lap, quietly waited.

"My son," said Lady Hartley, in a clear, hard voice, "told me yesterday that he intended to marry you."

She paused. Lulu was smiling. "He has told me the same thing also, Madame," she said, simply.

"You have accepted him?" Lady Hartley continued in the same accusatory manner.

Lulu nodded. "Certainly," she replied, with animation. "Why should I refuse him? I am very fond of him. I shall make him just as good a wife as any other woman."

"Do you know that my son is entirely dependent upon me?" asked Lady Hartley, "and that I shall withdraw the allowance I make him if he marries you?"

"Oh, we know that you will do that," Lulu said. "Eric is going to work, and I shall give lessons in French and Italian. We shall not starve."

"You give lessons!" Lady Hartley cried, contemptuously. "Have you ever worked in your life? Do you suppose that when you marry Eric you can dress yourself as you are dressed now? How can you endure poverty? You cannot have thought the matter over!"

She had not intended to be so rude. But the girl's calm, assured manner irritated her. The very perfume that came occasionally from her clothing set Lady Hartley's teeth on edge.

A flush of anger swept over Lulu's face. She had writhed under Lady Hartley's words and insulting manner in silence, but this last speech broke down her self-control.

"Have I not thought the matter over!" she cried, passionately. "What does it matter to you whether I have or not? I do not mind poverty. I would rather marry Eric and starve than live as I have lived in the past. Oh, you don't understand, you women who call yourselves good! You always seem to think that life for us is all wine and honey. You little know. And now you would take away my only chance of salvation! What am I to do if I give Eric up?"

She broke into a laugh. "But we are talking very foolishly," she said, putting her hands before her eyes as though to shut out some vision that Lady Hartley's words had conjured up. "Why should I give Eric up? We love each other. I tell you that I shall make Eric a good wife. Why should I not?"

"Because you have not the power to make my son respect you," Lady Hartley replied. "You cannot forget your past. Eric will not be able to forget it. When he loses position and friends, and finds himself alone with poverty and you, he will cease to love you. He must. My son has never been accustomed to deny himself any luxury. You say that you do not mind poverty. Probably you have at one time endured it, and therefore it would not seem so terrible to you as it will to him. Come," she added, changing her tone, and adopting a business air. "What sum of money shall I give you to set Eric free?"

Lulu rose from her chair, and looked at Lady Hartley with passionate hatred blazing in her eyes.

"Your son's freedom is not for sale," she cried, hotly. "Speak to him as you have spoken to me. You will see whether he is willing to face poverty with me or not. If this proposal is the sole object of your visit perhaps you will permit me to end the interview."

"Stop one moment," Lady Hartley said as the girl was

sweeping past her. "Do not leave me like this. I want to speak to you about the girl who believes herself to be Eric's affianced wife. Let me—"

"I will not hear another word," Lulu said. "Be quiet! How dare you come to my house and insult me with your cruel talk? You are a bad woman! You are heartless!"

Lady Hartley was speechless. Fumbling nervously in her pocket for her handkerchief she pulled out Muriel Dane's photograph. It fell face upwards on the carpet.

As she bent to pick it up, Lulu, who had seen it fall, stooped also, and snatched the portrait from the floor. Her face changed as she looked at it.

"Who—who is this?" she asked.

"It is Miss Dane, the lady who is engaged to Eric."

Lulu took the photograph to the window, and with her back turned to Lady Hartley she scrutinised the pictured face. Certainly it was not a pretty one. The broad forehead, guileless of fringe, was good to look at; the eyes were singularly clear, limpid, and innocent, the lips sweet and trustworthy. No, it was not a pretty face! And yet—how good, how gentle it was!

Suddenly turning, Lulu asked, breathlessly:

"Does she love Eric?"

"Very much. It will be a cruel blow to her when she learns that he has jilted her."

"You are quite sure that she does love Eric?"

"Quite. They have known each other from childhood. His conduct will break her heart."

"I wish that you would leave me," Lulu said almost harshly. "Let me have the photograph. I will not hurt it, and to-morrow you shall know whether I—whether I consent to give Eric up or not."

Lady Hartley, only too glad to feel that the girl's decision was not yet formed, left the room without another word.

CHAPTER II.

It was the face of Sister Desirée! True, Sister Desirée would be white-haired and full of wrinkles by now, but the photograph of Muriel Dane brought back the features and the very voice of the dead sister to Lulu.

Placing the photograph upon the table, and propping it up with a book, Lulu sat down facing it, and allowed her thoughts to wander back into her past life.

The bells were ringing from the grey tower of the little Norman church, and she, dressed from head to foot in pure white, was walking down the village street, in company with many other small girls. They carried baskets of rose-leaves in their hands, and they strewed the scented petals before the feet of the priest as he marched gravely along beneath his canopy, reading aloud in a monotonous drawl from the open book in his hand.

Sister Desirée, in her black garments, walked by the side of the children. Every now and then she smiled at Lulu, who was her favourite scholar. Lulu saw in imagination the white linen sheets that hung upon the house walls, and the posies of roses that decorated them. She felt the rushes beneath her little feet, she inhaled the perfume of the fading flowers. And again she heard that injudicious voice say:

"How beautiful that dark-eyed child is!" She was the dark-eyed child, and the *fête* was the *fête* of God.

Once more the bells rang from the grey towers, once more she was clothed all in white, and again she walked in a procession through the streets. She had taken her first communion, and there were tears in Sister Desirée's eyes as they rested lovingly upon her pupil.

But the little pupil's thoughts were not with the Sister, nor did she think of the solemn ceremony that she had just witnessed. There was a note between the leaves of her prayer-book. It was her first love-letter, and she felt that she was walking upon air, while the sun had never seemed so bright nor the sky so blue.

And then? Ah, she hardly dared to look back.

There was her running away from home, and her life in Paris, at first so beautiful, so wonderful, so full of enjoyment and happiness. Afterwards came her abandonment, and her meeting with her old friend, Sister Desirée, beneath the flaring lights of a boulevard *café*.

"Mary, Mother of God, have pity upon this poor lost child!"

Strange that she had not forgotten the sister's prayer! She remembered how tearfully she had clung to the sister's hand, and with what gentle soothing words the nun had comforted her.

Then followed her life at the convent, where Sister Desirée had placed her as seamstress. She sickened at first as she thought of those cheerless days, those weary nights when she lay awake, regretting the dull, secure present, and longing for the restless, excitable, dangerous past.

How kind the nun had been to her! With what wonderful patience, with what deep love had she endeavoured to make life brighter for her little friend.

But misery had reached her again, and she had suffered. She would not think of the years that had followed. No, no, no! How could she think of them and look at those pure eyes and those chaste lips? She had met Eric at Monte Carlo, and life assumed a rosier tint; new hope sprang up in her heart when he spoke of marriage. She wanted so much to be like other women—those happy creatures whom she passed in the street, hanging upon the arm of a husband, with children at their side.

Lady Hartley's words returned to her memory: "You have not the power to make my son respect you." Was it true? Were those people right who said that there could be no lasting love that was not founded upon respect?

"Oh, I cannot give him up! I cannot! I cannot!" she cried; and those deep, sweet eyes met hers, and told her that Lady Hartley was right, and that if she became Eric's wife the day would come when his love would die, and she would regret his folly.

"And we shall suffer always," said the eyes. "But we are changeless, and can love but once. Must we be sacrificed?"

She laid the portrait face downwards upon the table.

She could not bear to look at it. Why had this English girl a face like the dead sister's—the sister who had died praying for her?

It was cruel of Eric's mother to come and torment her. It was wicked of her to bring this portrait.

For how could she be happy with Eric when she thought of his English sweetheart with whom he had broken faith? This girl loved Eric. Who could help loving him? Was he not young and handsome and generous?

"I will not give him up!" Lulu said. "Anything but that! Why should I be sacrificed? I have been so unhappy all my life."

And yet, if in the time to come she lost Eric's love, would she not be more wretched still?

"He has promised to love me always," she cried aloud, and wrung her hands as she thought of the futility of man's promises.

If only she had some friends to help her!

Suddenly the light came back into her eyes. She placed the portrait between the leaves of a book.

"I cannot answer for myself," she said. "I am too weak, or too selfish. Fate shall decide for me. When Eric plays at the Casino to-night, I will ask him to stake something at roulette. If red wins, I keep him. If black wins, I give him up."

The Casino at Monte Carlo was crowded that night. Judie was singing at the theatre, and the magnificent hall was full of smartly attired people. In the gambling saloons the crowds were great around the tables. Eric had to push his way through the groups in order to place his stake upon the black diamond at the end of the table.

Lulu smiled when he looked at her, but her heart ached. She heard the croupier call out that no more money could be staked, and she watched the little ball as it ran round the circle. Something was surely the matter with her eyes, for she could not distinguish the colour of the number that the ball had touched.

As in a dream she heard Eric say that he had won, and she knew that she had lost.

The next morning Lady Hartley, with mingled feelings of horror and unavowed relief, read in the morning papers that Jeanne Alibert, otherwise known as "Lulu," had committed suicide at her lodgings. She had poisoned herself.

Lady Hartley laid the paper upon the table. Her face was very white, and she looked shocked.

"The miserable girl!" she said. "But after all it is all for the best."

And so it was—for Lulu.

USEFUL FIREWORKS.

On the Atlantic ferry, rockets (of various colours) are chiefly used to exhibit the Lines to which individual steamers belong. The "flare," or burning tar barrel, usually indicates an antiquated tramp steamer or sailing ship. On most modern vessels many passengers must have noticed a small gun-metal socket let into the rail vertically, and wondered, doubtlessly, at its meaning, for, fortunately, it is but seldom that it is put into requisition.

This little affair, some two inches in diameter, and perhaps ten inches deep, is the brass cannon of to-day. In reality it is a tube, from which is discharged a missile closely resembling the "shells" of a firework exhibition. This device has many advantages over both gun and rocket, besides its superior convenience in dirty weather.

The firing charge and shell are in one piece, which is entirely waterproof. This is dropped into the gun-metal tube. A string is attached by which the charge is fired without any need for either touch-hole or port-fuse. There is a loud report, which gives any other vessel the cue to watch for the explosion of the shell high aloft, with a brilliant shower of sparks after an interval of some seconds.

The explosion of the shell is as conspicuous as the bursting of a very large rocket, and the report is considerably louder. The flash of a cannon may very possibly be invisible from another ship, if there be a high sea running, or the distance be excessive, but this is impossible with the new apparatus. To mariners, however, the most important improvement of all is the double report.

STALWART PASSENGER: "Do you think there is any hope, captain?"

Indignant Skipper: "Look here, you big coward, that's the fourth time you've asked me. I believe you're the biggest coward on the ship!"

Stalwart Passenger: "Sh-sh! No, I'm not. Do you see that old duffer over there by the rail? Well, that's my rich uncle. I've been more than attentive to him all my life, but if the ship's going down, I want time to get in just one good kick at him to level things up a bit."

LORD RUSSELL was considerably astonished the other day. A labouring man was being cross-examined about a fatal accident which befel a man on board a ship in dock. A model of the vessel was in the centre of the court, and the witness was explaining by means of it how the accident happened.

"Would the motion of that pole be sufficient to knock down a man standing by the side?" the Lord Chief Justice asked.

"My dear sir, you just try it!" was the somewhat unusual reply, which caused the eyebrows of Lord Russell to rise, and the features of the listeners in court to spread.

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

ONE day, as Jock Samson was at work in the harvest field, he was busy on the top of his cart loading the sheaves, and the farmer was below pitching.

All at once Jock wondered why no sheaves were being delivered to him, and hearing sounds of puffing and blowing below him, he looked over the side of the cart, and saw the old farmer vainly trying to lift the wheel off a sheaf of corn.

The perspiration was streaming down his face, and hearing Jock laughing above him, he looked up and cried:

"What are you laughing at? Come down and gie's a lift!"

"Losh, man," says Jock, "can ye no move forrit the horse?"

"Losh, me!" cried the farmer, throwing down his hat on the ground in astonishment at his own stupidity, "I never had a thocht o' that!"

BLOWN UP.

"DURING the recent railway strike in southern California," writes an American reader of *P.W.*, "a train started from San Diego with a driver who boasted that he would make the trip if he had to coal the engine himself, and use dynamite instead of coal. The singular accident that occurred before the train had gone five miles will make him superstitious for the rest of his life. The stoker thus tells the story:—

"We were getting up a good speed, and had just struck the down grade there by the Big Timber. Jim—the driver—was smiling all over to think how we had pulled out the first train for three days.

"We were going down that grade like sixty miles an hour, and everything humming. I was shoving in the coal at the rate of a load every ten seconds. We had struck the level and were nearing the river bend, but Jim never slackened up. He nodded to me to keep her hot, and I did.

"I remember as I slid the shovel along the foot-board and slung the door open, I thought that shovelful of coal looked kind of queer. But I didn't stop to screen it! In it went, and the next minute Jim and I felt the whole thing rise in the air, just like one of those horses with wings you've read about.

"Well, the engine just went clear up off the rails as much as three feet, and all that time skimming through the air like a red-hot cannon-ball. Then she came down with the biggest roar, like a mad elephant; and when I got my senses there I was holding Jim by the leg, and both of us sitting in the ditch, he with his arm broke and three ribs smashed, and I with a leg fractured and an ear gone.

"It was a close shave. Train all piled up on the track, but no one hurt much, only shook up.

"What do you think that was I shovelled in? A load of dynamite some friend had mixed in with the coal before we started. And I got the whole of it at one shovelful. Jim says coal is fast enough for him. I agree with him. Dynamite is too hasty."

TRADE TRIBUNALS.

EVEN in so prosaic an establishment as a printing office, the natural instinct in man to be governed by one of his kind asserts itself. All matters of internal interest are decided at a meeting of journeymen convened round the "imposing surface" (the iron slab on which the type is arranged ready for the machine), and presided over by "the father of the chapel," an individual appointed annually by the remainder of the members.

This eccentric title is founded on the fact that in early times the word "chapel" was employed to indicate "a body of men," and does not in any way place its bearer on the same footing as a Nonconformist minister.

From all meetings of this description apprentices are religiously excluded, while, until comparatively recently, a youth serving his time was compelled, when bound, to pay half-a-crown towards the funds of the "chapel," another half-crown when his time was up, and another when he blossomed out into a "chapelonian" and was initiated into the mysteries of their gatherings.

A similar sort of institution obtains among cabinet makers, whose technical term for "chapel" is plain, unvarnished "shop meeting," while among carpenters the analogous term is "ringing the holdfast."

The holdfast is a flat piece of iron placed on the bench for keeping the wood in position, and when a meeting is to be convened the holdfast is struck with an iron chisel. On this signal the men stop work, turn out the apprentices, and lock the door; and when such subjects as money matters or any equally delicate topic are to be discussed, the foreman is requested to make himself scarce, and he is bound to abide by their unanimous decision.

So with batters, neither apprentices nor foremen are allowed to be present at a "garret," although they are all compelled to pass over their subscription to the man with the money.

Ours is now the only country in which these tribunals seem to exist, though once they were common in every Continental country.

SOME ROYAL LIFE SAVERS.

THERE is a large number of princes and princesses of the blood who wear among their other decorations medals for saving life at the risk of their own—medals that have not been granted by way of mere compliment, but which have been honestly and honourably earned by their possessors. And besides these, there are several monarchs whose courage and presence of mind entitle them to wear this highly-prized badge, but who are prevented from so doing by reason of the fact that it falls within their attributes as sovereign to confer it, and that they are too modest concerning their own achievements to bestow it upon themselves.

Where I think I have seen this medal to most advantage was nestling among the lace adorning the corsage of the beautiful and statuesque Archduchess Maria Theresa, the youthful consort of the elder brother and heir of Emperor Francis Joseph. The Archduchess won her medal at a fire which broke out in the little town of Reichenau, which adjoins her splendid country seat of Wartholz.

The Archduchess dashed through the flames to the rescue of a child, and emerged a few moments later with the half suffocated infant in her arms, her magnificent hair and her clothes being badly singed. She had hardly reached the street, amid a storm of cheers, when the roof fell in. Nor was the medal conferred upon her by her brother-in-law, the Emperor, the only token of recognition that she received for this act of gallantry. The central association of the fire brigades of the empire elected her an honorary member of their corporation.

Another royal lady decorated with this medal is the Dowager Queen Pia of Portugal, who is as magnificent a swimmer as the Queen Regent of Spain, or Princess Helen of Orleans. Queen Pia, while fully dressed, swam out into the sea at La Granja some years ago, and rescued two children whose boat had been capsized by the heavy sea then running. Her son, the present King of Portugal, ought by rights to wear one of these medals as well, having last year personally intervened in a struggle between two men, and saved the life of the weaker of the two, in addition to holding the would-be murderer until assistance could be procured.

King Oscar of Sweden wears a life-saving medal, granted to him before he ascended the throne by Emperor Napoleon III. He has the right to wear several medals of this sort, for the act of courage thus recognised by the French ruler is by no means the only service to humanity rendered by the royal Anak. The feat in question was the stopping, on the Corniche Road, of a pair of runaway horses which were on the point of precipitating themselves along with the carriage and its occupants over a precipice on to the rocks many hundred feet below.

He likewise plunged into the water to save a boy from drowning at Nice, and while serving in the Swedish navy sprang overboard one very squally night to save a sailor who had fallen into the sea from the cruiser which he was commanding.

His son, Prince Oscar, wears a Swedish medal for saving the life of a drowning man, whose boat had been capsized by a sudden puff, in the port of Karlskrona.

Almost identically the same feat was performed a couple of years ago by the gigantic Prince George of Greece, who dived from the quarter-deck of a man-of-war anchored in the Bay of the Piræus to rescue a sailor from a watery grave. He has likewise been specially decorated by the Emperor of Russia for preserving the Czarevitch from death in Japan.

Yet another wearer of the life-saving medal is the pretty Princess Eleanore Solms. She was walking with her sister, Princess Marie, at Dresden, a couple of years ago, when she caught sight of a runaway horse ridden by a lady who had lost control of the animal. Without hesitation both girls threw themselves at the horse's head. Princess Marie, the younger, was dashed to one side, fortunately unhurt; but Princess Eleanore succeeded in grasping the bridle, and was dragged for thirty yards before the beast stopped, when, woman-like, she fainted away.

THEY say that there is a man living in Edinburgh who attends church regularly, and clasps his hands so tight during prayer time that he can't get them open when the contribution box comes round.

FIRST NURSE-GIRL: "So you've got a new place?"

Second Nurse-girl: "Yes."

"Do you like it?"

"Like it? Why, it is right in front of a police station!"

As is well known, the law cannot concern itself in any case before it with side issues. These are rigorously excluded.

In a case in which a man was accused of forgery, a witness for the defence managed to say:

"I know that the prisoner cannot write his own name."

"All that is excluded," said the judge. "The prisoner is not charged with writing his own name, but that of someone else!"

With each number a splendid coloured plate, measuring 19½ inches by 14½ inches, will be given away. This plate is printed in colours, and makes a most beautiful picture for framing.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2184. Are there any Yearly Newspapers Published?

The Esquimaux Bulletin which is printed near Cape Prince of Wales, Behring Straits, claims to be the only paper in the world which is published once a year. This, however, appears to be a mistake, for there is another newspaper circulating in the North Polar Circle which is only issued annually. It is called the *Atuagagdliintit nalinginarmik, tus aruminasassumik*, which, being translated, means "something for reading, accounts of all sorts of entertaining subjects," and has been published since 1861 at Godthaab, in Greenland. The language in which it is printed is a dialect of the Esquimaux.

2185. Which is the Finest Fibrous Thread that can be Manufactured?

The finest fibres ever made have been spun by Professor Boys out of quartz. This very refractory substance, which requires a temperature greater than that developed in any furnace to melt it, when softened by the intense heat of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, may be drawn out by suitable means into threads of incredible fineness. Professor Boys manipulates it by using an ingenious cross-bow arrangement by which a straw, used as an arrow, carrying a small bit of quartz rod, is joined to another rod of quartz by melting the point of contact. When the straw arrow is fired from the cross-bow it draws out the quartz into a thread which may be made of almost any desired thickness, of any uniform diameter, and remarkably strong. Fibres one-fifteenth-thousandth of an inch in diameter have been made, a hundred of which only equal in size the thickness of a single silkworm's thread, and the ends as they are drawn out become so fine that they cannot be seen, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope, and are not thicker than the millionth of an inch. A single cubic inch of quartz would supply sufficient thread to go round the world no fewer than 658 times; in other words, the length would be 16,450,000 miles. Such fibres possess qualities which render them eminently suitable for use in delicate scientific measurements, and Professor Boys employs them in his radio-micrometer, by which he can measure differences of temperature as small as a millionth of a degree. Using a fibre one-fifteenth-thousandth of an inch in diameter, he has measured forces equal to the pull of a thousand-millionth of a grain weight at the end of a lever one inch long.

2186. Are there any Known Instances of Plants that have an Animal Origin?

Apart from sea anemones and other forms of life which cannot accurately be described as either animal or vegetable, and which, presumably, have a mixed origin, the answer to this question will be found in the innumerable flowers which are fertilised by the agency of moths and butterflies, and the New Zealand rata which springs from the living body of the bulrush caterpillar. This plant is one of the most notable links between the animal and vegetable kingdoms which botanists and zoologists have yet discovered, and it affords one of the few instances of retaliation permitted by Dame Nature. The caterpillar feeds upon the rata, the rata takes possession of the caterpillar, and makes the insect the foundation from which it rears its stem, the source from which it gathers nourishment. The root of the rata in every instance exactly fills the body of the caterpillar, which neither decomposes, contracts, nor yet expands beyond its natural size. It has been noticed that the vegetating process invariably proceeds from the caterpillar's neck, and from this it is inferred that the insect, while crawling on the plant, gets the microscopic seeds of the fungus between the scales of its neck, where they vegetate, and finally occasion death when the "aweto," as the natives call it, has burrowed into the ground preparatory to its metamorphosis into the chrysalis state. Most specimens preserve their perfect form.

2189. Were the Continents of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres ever United?

There is no doubt that this has been the case more than once. At Behring's Straits, the Eastern and Western continents are only thirty miles apart, and the sea dividing them is but twenty-five fathoms in its deepest channel. A very insignificant elevation, of the crust would therefore unite the two land masses. A former union is suggested by the shape of the land, a high ridge running about east and west up to the Straits from the east coinciding in direction with a ridge on the opposite side. That the continents were actually united in ancient times is proved by the distribution of animals and plants in our two hemispheres. Many types of life are found on both sides of the Straits which could only have passed over during a land connection. For example, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace believes that bears came across into America from the west; horses, he considers, migrated in the same direction, but camels from east to west. The following he holds to have migrated from the Old World: Deer, oxen, elephants (the mastodon in North America), and marsupial animals. Wallace is of opinion that the two hemispheres have been joined again and again in former epochs, and that the connection was "almost certainly in the North Pacific, south of Behring's Straits, where there is a large expanse of shallow water."

2190. Is it Possible to Think without the Mental Use of Language?

A precise and authoritative answer is impossible. The question has been discussed for hundreds of years, and the subtlest intellects from before the time of Locke down to the present day have thought deeply, written learnedly, and differed widely on the subject. Professor Max Müller, in summing up what previous metaphysicians—including such logicians as Locke, Hobbes, Hamilton, Whateley, and Kant—have said, concludes that, though thoughts may exist without words when other signs take the place of words, yet essentially human thought is impossible in the absence of both. In agreement with this is Professor Huxley's statement that a deaf mute living an isolated life on a desert island, would, in spite of his large cerebrum, be almost certainly incapable of any higher intellectual development than a chimpanzee. Professor Romanes, on the other hand, denies that, "not only to a considerable extent, but always and altogether, we think by means of names," and while he believes language is a needful condition to the original construction of conceptual thought, he contends that thought is frequently carried on without the mental use of words. There is, however, a remarkable consensus of opinion that, as a matter of necessity, men must think by symbols, and, as a matter of fact, they do so by language.

2193. Whose Fate Best Illustrated the Saying, "He was Hoist with his own Petard?"

If a further example is wanted than the tragic end of several of the Nihilist dynamitards in recent times, it must be looked for in the history of Thomas Cromwell, born about 1485, the son of a Putney blacksmith and innkeeper, surnamed the Hammer of the Monks. Stepping to fame over his fallen master Wolsey, he rose step by step to become Lord Great Chamberlain and finally Earl of Essex, having accumulated in his own hands "powers such as no subject and no sovereign in this country had ever possessed before or will ever possess again." To abolish papal authority, break the power of the church, humble the nobility, and make the king absolute, were Cromwell's aims. Then came the bitter lesson that the hand which had so exalted could equally abase him. Henry's aversion to Anne of Cleves, the coarse Lutheran consort of Cromwell's choosing, was the cause of his ruin. Less than eight weeks after his elevation to the earldom he was arrested and lodged in the Tower. Condemned under a bill of attainder, his own favourite engine of tyranny, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, July 28, 1540. In the days of his supremacy Cromwell had caused to be passed the infamous law forbidding people imprisoned on a charge of high treason to be heard in their own defence. His abject entreaties for mercy availed him nothing, and he was the first victim of his own enactment. The English "Reign

of Terror" set in with Cromwell's rise and ended with Cromwell's fall, as passed away a man twice hoist with his own petard.

2194. Why Should Coal and Iron be Generally Found Deposited near each Other?

The two things are connected as cause and effect. Coal consists of accumulations of plants which have undergone chemical and mineral changes, first by exposure to the atmosphere, and afterwards under the pressure of great thicknesses of overlying rocks. In the first stage—while the plants were undergoing decomposition—they liberated certain organic acids, which had the power of dissolving compounds of iron. In the stagnant water in which the plants were slowly rotting these accumulated salts of iron, either dissolved out of the adjacent rocks and sands by the action of the vegetable acids, or brought into the area by streams from the surrounding regions, and there dissolved by the acids. These iron salts were subsequently oxidised by exposure to the air, and thrown down to the bottom of the water as insoluble iron ore. Bog ore is being formed at the present day by this process on the lowlands of North Germany and other marsh tracts of Northern Europe. Also on the eastern sea-board of the United States large tracts of marsh land lying behind sand-dunes and sand-bars form receptacles for accumulations of iron-ore. This association of coal with iron-ore is exceptionally frequent in Great Britain, and is one of the chief causes of our commercial greatness.

2195. Which Flower is Capable of Being Put to the Largest Number of Commercial Uses?

Taking the word in the general meaning of any plant of which the blossom is the essential feature, the answer to this question is afforded by the poppy. The poppy is cultivated for the sake of opium, one of the most valuable of medicines, and which, as a commercial article, exceeds in importance every other drug in use. Opium is the dried juice of the unripe capsules of the white poppy, which is also of great value for its oil and other purposes. The seeds, which contain no opium, other narcotic principle, yield about 40 per cent. of oil, and the oil cake, which is much appreciated by the natives of India, is useful for manure and cattle-feeding. These seeds were well known to the ancients as a pleasant article of food, and some German cakes have a pleasantly plentifully sprinkled on the top. The oil expressed from them is perfectly wholesome, and it is supposed that one-half of the oil used for cooking and otherwise for alimentary purposes in France is of this kind. It is a valuable and much-used medium for artistic oil painting. The inferior qualities are consumed in soap and varnish making, and for burning in lamps. The oil is also very extensively used in the valley of the Ganges and other opium regions for food and domestic purposes.

2196. Which was the Most Ridiculous Expenditure Ever Indulged in by a Government?

The State of New York in 1806 paid to John Crons the sum of 1,000 dollars for an infallible remedy against hydrophobia. The Comptroller's warrant for the payment, and Crons' receipt may still be seen among the papers at Albany. The remedy consisted of "ten ounces of the jaw-bone of a dog, burned and pulverised; the false tongue of a newly-foaled colt, dried and pulverised; and a scruple of verdigris raised on the surface of old copper by laying it in moist earth." A similar thing occurred in England in the middle of last century, when a Mrs. Stevens professed to have discovered an infallible cure for a certain internal disease, and offered the secret to the public for £5,000. This sum was not forthcoming till Parliament was applied to, and the composition of the remedy explained in the LONDON GAZETTE. The ingredients proved to be snails and snail-shells calcined together; hips and haws and various vegetables burned to cinders, camomile flowers, and fennel. The Korean Government, however, recently erected a mint in Seoul, and laid down plan at a fabulous cost, never to strike off more than a few pattern coins, has done its best to eclipse these records, and certainly on a more gigantic scale.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2221. In which modern trade or profession are fortunes made with greatest average rapidity?
2222. In which country has the general mass of the people the most real power in directing its affairs?
2223. (Re Reply 2037) In which part of England is useful land now selling most cheaply?
2224. What is the shortest space of time in which a nation or race has risen from barbarism to civilisation?
2225. In connection with which disease has medical treatment changed most?
2226. Which two English kings have been most alike in their character?
2227. Which is the oldest secret trade process now in existence?
2228. Which is the most noteworthy survival of a practice after losing its real significance?
2229. In which civilised country is the despotism of fashion least effective?
2230. Which precious stone has been most successfully and extensively produced by artificial means?

A Boom for Professional and Mercantile Men not Provided for by a Life Insurance Policy.

INSURANCE AGAINST SICKNESS.

Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be interested to learn that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, are now transacting the above class of business. Policies are issued against Sickness alone, or against Sickness combined with Accidents, for Amounts from £1 to £10 per week.

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EARLY TRIALS.

I wish my mother wouldn't dret me up!
She doethn't know the meth she geth me in;
Thumall wonder that the fellowth call me pup—
A plush hat—and a lathtic round my chin.

I wish she'd know I'm not a baby now
To have hith hair all combed and curled and prim,
And fathened in a big, dithguthting bow,
A blue thash tied right round the middle of him.

I wish I wath that robin on the tree;
He'th alwayth dretthed just like he wath at firht,
He doethn't every minute have to be
Futh'd over by hith ma, and hugged and nurthled!

My betht friendth, Wattie White and Billy Blue,
Thpect me to come and play frogth-in-the-well—
I can't go play like thith—what shall I do
To make mythelf look jutht rethpectable!

I'll thtand awhile in thith big puddle and try
If I can't get the shine from off my shoe;
I'll knock my plush hat in—it'th thuch a guy—
And thtick it on one thide ath other fellowth do.

I'll ruffle up my curlth, and tear my lathe,
I'll dig a hole and thtuff my thash in it;
I'll take thome dirt and rub it in my fathe—
There—now I'll go and play—I think I'm fit!

A GLASS-BLOWING STORY.

THE interesting operation of glass-blowing has been artlessly and somewhat humorously illustrated in the following anecdote, as related by the German traveller, Kuhl, in his work on Russia.

The Emperor Nicholas wished to illuminate the Alexander Column in grand style. The size of the round lamps required for this special purpose was accordingly indicated, and the glasses ordered from the manufactory, where, however, the workmen exerted themselves in vain, and almost blew the wind out of their bodies in their strenuous endeavours to obtain the desired magnitude.

The commission must be executed—that was self-evident; but how? A great premium was at last offered to any man who could successfully solve the problem. Again the human bellows toiled and puffed.

Their object seemed unattainable, when a long-bearded Russian at last stepped forward and declared he could do it; he had strong and sound lungs, he would only pinch his mouth first with a little water to refresh himself. Then he applied his mouth to the pipe, and puffed to such purpose that the vitreous ball swelled and puffed nearly to the required dimensions, up to them, beyond them.

"Hold! hold!" cried the lookers-on; "you are doing too much, and how did you do it at all?"

"The matter is simple enough," answered the long-beard, "but first, where is my premium?"

And when he had clutched the promised booty he explained. He had simply retained some of the water in his mouth, which had passed thence into the glowing ball, and there becoming steam, had rendered him this good service.

THE GUARDSMAN'S HORSE.

THE horse is a noble animal, the lesson book tells us, and of all these noble animals the horse that carries the British Life Guardsman is the finest ordinary specimen. They are carefully chosen by the Government, and although it used to be customary to pay £60 apiece for them, they do not run to more than £40 nowadays.

The cavalry horse is seen at his best at Knightsbridge, where he undergoes six months' training before being ultimately passed up by the colonel as efficient. The training consists of putting him through his facings just as if he were a man, and finally of discharging a gun close to his ear, and making him smell the powder and smoke until at length he becomes thoroughly familiar with the weapon.

There was a time when every soldier's horse rejoiced in a pet name, the initial of which was that of the troop to which he belonged. Thus, the names of the horses in "A" troop all commenced with A, those in "B" troop, all with B, and so forth; but in these strictly prosaic days the name has given place to a number, which is printed on a card and hung over the stall of the horse to which it belongs.

The horse's kit is kept on a stand by its side, including the two spare shoes which every trooper carries; and this kit, together with the rider, equipped with his arms, weighs on an average about twenty-three stone, not so much, perhaps, as the animated boiler factories that sat on horses and pounded each other in the days of chivalry, but heavy enough for a horse that has nothing of the dray type about it.

It is no easy matter to get these horses of uniform temperament and colour. The Scots Greys' horses are all white, the Guardsmen's black, and those of other regiments usually roans and bays and browns. Neither chestnuts nor mealy bays are fit for cavalry work.

A FAIR COMPLAINT.

THE average Englishman is public-spirited, and, for the public good, denounces any imposition upon himself, no matter how slight it may be. Near the summit of the Righi mountain, in Switzerland, there is an hotel frequented by people who wish to see the sun rise over the Alps.

"A complaint-book" is kept, in which travellers record real or fancied grievances. Recently this book was found to contain the following entry:—

"I desire to call the attention of the management and the general public to the fact that I have been up here two mornings for the express purpose of seeing the sun rise from this mountain; and that, on both occasions, I have seen nothing whatever but clouds.

"One failure to keep the understanding—an implied contract—I might have passed over, but two failures I regard as a distinct imposition.—J. ROBINSON, Liverpool."

IS MENTAL WORK AGREEABLE?

THE problem of work is one of the most important problems in which humanity is interested, and it raises a number of hygienic and moral questions. After very careful investigation of the problem of mental work, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is distasteful, and that man avoids mental effort as far as possible, because work of that kind means fatigue, and fatigue means pain—which is naturally disagreeable.

At first glance this conclusion appears contrary to fact; numerous instances can be produced of the ill-effects of intellectual idleness, and we see people seek employment for the mind in study, reading, or in playing such games as chess. True; but such employment is not work, it is exercise. Every organ has need of exercise, and prolonged inactivity injures it, but real mental work—the production of something original—is distasteful. It demands effort, which is fatiguing.

A merchant may be transacting business for ten hours, but he only performs real mental work when he has to deal with some matter which is entirely new. The transaction of ordinary business is exercise, because it consists of matters similar to hundreds of others which he has dealt with in the past; these tire the brain in time, but do not demand that effort which is required for the production of something new.

Hence we have so little that is original; hence the widespread tendency to seize upon the original work of others and adapt it. Further proof of the correctness of the above-stated conclusion is to be found in the works of most of the great writers and scientists. Take their earlier works and you find originality, but as time goes on there is less and less of it—the same ideas, the same style, the same fundamental type of characters are apparent in each fresh work which they give to the world. The mental work has given place to intellectual exercise. There are a few exceptions, but only a few.

Mr. Beard, an American psychologist, estimates that the creative period only lasts ten years, generally from the twenty-fifth to thirty-fifth year. It is certainly a common thing to see the originality of artists fall into mere mechanism, to see scientists lose the spirit of observation and become bound up in "systems." This is due to what may be called the law of least effort. Mental activity, like other kinds of activity, tends to become automatic; effort ceases, and originality disappears. Those few who do not succumb to this law are gifted with more than the usual share of energy.

A SCIENTIST says a wasp may be picked up if it is done quietly. Yes; it is when the wasp is laid down again that the noise begins.

WAITER: "Anything wrong, sir?" Countryman (who has essayed an olive, looking up with disgust): "Wrong? I should say so! Somebody's upset the salt over them plums."

POETESS (about fifty years old): "So the critic of the *British Magazine* does not speak very favourably of my work, but he refers to me as 'a young poetess,' and there is a good deal of consolation in that."

"DON'T you think there is something wonderfully satisfying in Herr Ausgespiehl's playing, professor?" "Indeed I do! I had enough before he had been at the piano five minutes, but he went on for half an hour."

"GOODNESS, child, don't eat so many sweets!" "But, ma, you said I could have some sweets for taking that medicine."

"Of course, but so much will make you ill again." "Well, ma, then I can take some more medicine and have some more sweets, can't I?"

REV. DR. GRONER: "Surely during this coming Christmas season every Christian ought to make some sacrifice to show his devotion."

Joblots: "You're right, doctor. Sacrifice? I should say so! Why, I'm selling off every article in my shop twenty-five per cent. under cost. You can give it out from the pulpit if you like!"

THE SECRET OUT.

It is a very odd feature of modern journalism that, with one single exception, the popular and influential *Ladies' Papers* of the day are edited by men.

Their owners apparently think that the tastes of the ladies who support them are likely to be best divined and catered for by members of the sterner sex, and though I doubt the wisdom of this course, I am apparently in what political folk would call "a hopeless minority of one."

Here are the facts.

To start with, *THE QUEEN*—the oldest-established, and, to my mind, the best of the ladies' sixpenny weeklies—is edited by Mr. P. S. Cox, son of Mr. Horace Cox, the clever and energetic managing proprietor of the flourishing newspapers founded by the late Mr. Sergeant Cox.

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL, which is the great example of the evil extremes to which the system of puffing advertised articles under the thinly-veiled disguise of news may extend, is under the editorial control of Mr. Alfred Gibbons, who, thanks to the monetary aid, and still more to the shrewd advice of the Messrs. Ingram, of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, etc., has managed to push his paper into a position second only to *THE QUEEN* among the sixpennies of its class.

Then we have that very bright and clever paper, *THE GENTLEWOMAN*, which owes its artistic beauty and the many smart and original ideas which appear in its columns to the inventive brain of Mr. J. S. Wood, its editor, in conjunction with that able business man, Mr. Alex. Warden, the founder of its fortunes.

HEARTH AND HOME, which has, I am glad to hear, made great strides of late, is edited by Mr. Langton Bayley, to whom much of the present measure of success enjoyed by this well-got-up threepenny is due.

That very well conducted threepenny journal, *THE LADY*, is edited by Mr. P. H. Hemyng, who also presides over the destinies of *THE PRINCESS*.

I hope he won't mind my venturing to suggest to him that, in the case of the latter publication, it would be just as well if he were to request the member of his staff who is responsible for the "Home Dressmaking" department, to stimulate her ideas a little less freely from the back numbers of *Home Notes*.

To come to penny papers, *WOMAN* is edited by Mr. Fitzroy Gardner, who, the many readers of his fascinating little journal will be interested to hear, is certainly the best-looking editor in London, and who has worked with a will to make the paper the success which it has deservedly become.

FORGET-ME-NOT, by no means the least prosperous of the many ventures of those astute and successful young gentlemen, the Messrs. Harmsworth, is edited by one of themselves, to wit, Mr. Leicester Harmsworth.

The editor of that bulky pennyworth, *THE LADY'S COMPANION*, is Mr. Cartwright, while Mr. John Morley edits *ENQUIRE WITHIN* and *THE LADIES' REVIEW*.

And last, though I believe I may without undue bragging, say not least, is our own little *Home Notes*, the solitary exception to which I alluded at the beginning of this article.

I honestly believe that *Home Notes* chiefly owes the marvellous success with which it has met to the fact that it is edited by a lady, and is therefore composed of just such matter as other women like to read. Her *nom de plume* "ISOBEL," has been familiar to the readers of *P.W.* ever since this journal made its first bow to the public.

Now, who is "ISOBEL?"

In the early days of *P.W.*, the "Home Notes" page was written by the young wife of the equally young editor of this paper, and was signed with her autograph Christian name. But as a family began to grow up round her, Mrs. Pearson found that the work involved in getting up the page, and dealing with the vast correspondence which it called into being, a task beyond her strength, and so she delegated the work to her sister, Miss Maud Bennett, who still kept the familiar *nom de plume*.

When in the fulness of time *Home Notes* paper put in an appearance, it was under the editorship of Miss Maud Bennett, in whose capable hands it has shown such wonderful vitality that, though only nine months of age, its circulation is simply unapproached by that of any other ladies' paper.

Miss Maud Bennett's chief assistants are her sisters, Ethel and Gertrude, and Miss Keary, sister of the assistant editor of *P.W.*

So it is quite a family affair, you see.

I wonder whether you, who read this, will think my argument a fair one, or whether you will consider an even stronger point in favour of *Home Notes* to be the fact that never since it was first issued has a puff appeared in it, except in those columns set aside for advertisements.

A GREAT many girls say "No" at first, but, like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negative.

THE postmaster of Glasgow tells a story of an Irishman who once stood at the counter while a gentleman purchased the requisite stamp for a letter to Jerusalem. After he had gone the Irishman looked critically at the clerk, and said: "Sure, now, the man was joking."

On being assured to the contrary, he looked thunder-struck, and added, "Arrah, you don't mane to say you take letters to Jerusalem? I thought it was above."

Amongst the story writers who are represented may be mentioned Messrs. Headon Hill, G. B. Burgin, W. L. Alden, and George Griffith.

NEW AND STRANGE.

One of the improvements made in the accoutrements of the Prussian soldiers is in the boots. The old-fashioned steel nails have been displaced by nails from aluminium, which is much lighter and more durable. The extra weight under the sole of the foot imposed by the heavy nails formerly worn, and the added weight consequent upon the clogging mud in nasty weather, made an extra amount of muscular expenditure necessary.

A new application of cellulose has been found in America in the manufacture of unbreakable mirrors. Cotton stuffs, treated with nitric acid and camphor, give splendid smooth surfaces, which can be easily silvered over and then covered with a very thin layer of transparent cellulose. It is said that excellent and very durable mirrors are obtained in this way, and it is promised that we shall thus soon have cheap curved mirrors for astronomical instruments. If so, they will be useful in condensing the rays of the sun, and in serving many other purposes.

SURELY idea was never more strangely suggested than in the case of a lady inventor who called upon me the other day to show me a new sort of shoe-lace which she has perfected. For a very long time she attempted in vain to discover a method of preventing shoe-laces from coming undone, until one night she heard a voice that resembled that of her husband, who had been dead some fifteen years, which said: "Why do you not put a safety pin at one end of the lace?" And in the morning, when she arose, she found a safety pin in the lace of her shoe. She has patented the idea, and calls it the "Never-loose Lace." This can be obtained through any draper, and costs about the same as the ordinary lace.

The most difficult operation in repairing a locomotive is the removal of old bolts from the frame. In the first instance they are driven in while red hot, and after that the constant exposure to the atmosphere makes them rusty and absolutely immovable. At one of our large works the other day a small cannon was made with a bore of exactly the same circumference as that of the bolt to be removed. This was loaded and fired, with the result that the bolt was blown out, and a continuation of the shooting process proved the fact that a whole frame containing some scores of bolts could be taken to pieces in even less time than one bolt could be removed by the old method of hammer and cold chisel.

The problem of silent machinery running appears to have been brought a step nearer solution by the introduction in Austria of cog-wheels made of pressed raw hide, which are to work in conjunction with wheels of cast iron, steel, and other metals. The new wheels are said to possess great strength. They do not require lubricating, and are, therefore, clean in operation. It is claimed that they substantially reduce the vibration of the machinery in which they are used. They can be had ready made, or in the form of raw-hide discs for shaping by the purchaser. They are supported by a wooden framework, and after being cut the wheel is covered with a shellac solution. The greatest drawback to the new wheel is its comparative expensiveness.

The average cost of dry-docking, cleaning, and painting a cruiser in Her Majesty's Navy is about £2,000. The enormous expense thus entailed has prompted a man to think out a method of electroplating the entire ship's hull without the necessity of going into dry dock. The operation is carried out by fixing to the side of the ship a number of boxes, conforming closely to the curvature of the hull, containing a solution of cyanide of potassium. When the solution has been used for a few hours it is drawn off, and a strong solution of copper takes its place. Inside the boxes are suspended several plates of copper connected with the positive pole of a battery, the negative pole being connected with the side of the vessel. In three days the entire space inside the baths is coated with a film of copper, about one-twentieth of an inch thick, to which submarine animal and vegetable life will not stick.

The French War Office has always appeared to be the target at which most inventors of man-massacring machines aim. Three particularly aggressive instruments of the sort have recently been submitted for their approval, and, although it is unnecessary to say that none of them have received serious consideration, their very absurdity is sufficient reason for mentioning them here. The first idea takes the form of subjugating horse flies, and training them by feeding them on blood smeared beneath a thin skin covering on dummy figures clothed as soldiers of the Triple Alliance. On the outbreak of war the poisonous juices of certain plants would be added to their rations, with the result that all the French Army would have to do when starting on the warpath would be to send advance guards of these insects to clear the way. The second inventor combines thoughts of France's commercial prosperity with those for the extermination of her enemies, by suggesting that bullets filled with pepper would have the two-fold result of blinding the foe and fostering French trade with her colonies; while the third inhuman being fancies that so-called Sisters of Mercy sent into the enemy's camp with poisoned needles would have the result of rendering the soldiers' fingers useless.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

Each story is adorned with numerous illustrations, and considering that amongst the artists are numbered Miss G. Demain Hammond, Miss Inez Warry, Monsieur Georges Montbard, and Messrs. Raymond Potter, E. S. Hope, and Sydney Harvey, I think I may safely assert that no Christmas Number issued this year will have such a splendid array of high-class illustrations.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

THE Queen since the day of her coronation has seen every throne in the world vacated at least once.

To photograph the Chinese Emperor, without the Royal permission, is to incur the punishment of death.

At the age of eight Blondin performed before the King of Italy. He had at that time been a tight-rope walker for four years.

Tosti, the great song writer, is an accomplished amateur upholsterer. He spends his leisure in making sofas and cushioned chairs.

OVER two years ago now, the Empress of Russia installed a typewriter in her private apartments, and by this time she has acquired considerable skill as an operator.

DUKE CHARLES THEODORE OF BAVARIA is the only Royal physician in Europe. It has been suggested that the Duke of York's little son should qualify in the profession, although it is not very likely that the idea will ever be carried out.

MR. GLADSTONE, in addition to one hundred thousand pounds left him by his father, has the rent roll of the Hawarden estate, which came into the possession of his wife on the death of the last male Glynn. His annual income is £25,000.

IBSEN dines every day at the Grand Hotel, Christiania. He sits in solitary grandeur at a little table, seldom speaking to anyone except the waiter, but very often taking notes of those around him. Ibsen's wife is alive, but they are never seen together.

M. STAMBULOFF is believed to be the only man who ever had the temerity to ring up a Sovereign by telephone. After his ejection from the Bulgarian Ministry he called up Prince Ferdinand, and complained that his house was in danger. The German Emperor has a telephone, which is kept in constant use, but it is more than doubtful if any of his subjects will ever demand a personal interview by wire.

WHILE Lord Salisbury never wears a buttonhole, Mr. Gladstone is generally to be seen attached to a large nosegay. Mrs. Gladstone usually purchases the flowers when they are travelling together abroad, but at home the ex-Premier makes his own choice. It is a mistake, by the way, to suppose that Mr. Gladstone never smokes. The G.O.M., however, draws the line at cigarettes, only accepting cigars from the Prince of Wales and a few favourite hosts. Personally, he would rather leave tobacco in every form alone.

PERHAPS one of the most unparalleled examples of national ingratitude and official meanness is afforded by the story of M. Dounof, the aeronaut, who first opened communication between the besieged Parisians and the outside world in 1870, and is now dying in the workhouse. His balloon, as everyone knows, was ruined by the memorable trip, but for twenty-two years he never received a farthing from the Government, and even his modest claim for the value of his balloon was ignored. For the last two years he has received a small allowance, but not sufficient to keep him from starvation.

M. BLOWITZ, the famous correspondent of the London Times, recently won a wager, and much continental glory besides, by writing an interesting short story in less than twenty-four hours, in a language not his own, and with characters prescribed for him by another. He picked up the glove thrown down by a convivial brother of the guild after a professional dinner given in Paris; went home and wrote, in French, a really thrilling little romance, in which figured this strangely assorted company—the Emperor Napoleon, an aide-de-camp, a French actor, an English actress, and a telegraph messenger. The Paris *Figaro* accepted and immediately published the story, and added thereto a brilliant paragraphic tribute to the cleverness of the author.

ALPHONSE DAUDET, the famous French novelist, is one of the most observant men of his time, and it is his practice to make copious notes of everything which attracts his attention in a common-place book. Nothing is too insignificant to escape his eye—the shape and colour of a cloud, the passing expression on a face, the tone of voice, an attitude or pose. A singular instance of this passion of his for note-taking is related in connection with the siege of Paris, when Daudet volunteered for service. He formed one of a sortie party, and was told off for skirmishing purposes. Behold him in the thick of an engagement suddenly dropping his rifle and scribbling in a little pocket book. Forgetful of everything, the novelist is recording his impression of the artistic effect of the great banks of smoke rolling off against a background of the wood. Bullets fall around him in a perfect hailstorm, but Alphonse Daudet goes on writing faster and faster. He is oblivious to everything.

THE PRINCESS MARIA THERESA OF BAVARIA is an excessively original royal personage, who combines a passion for birds and beasts with a mania for extending her acquaintance. It is her pet ambition to own more dogs and know more people than any other member of the Royal families of Europe, and with this end in view she rushes all over the civilised globe and picks up all the interesting individuals who are ready to swallow her eccentricities for the sake of being on speaking terms with a Princess. As she is an unmarried woman, she is accompanied on her travels by a dame d'honneur and a chamberlain, to whose tender mercies are confided the fourteen animals which compose Her Royal Highness' travelling menagerie. In Madrid she created an immense sensation and no small amount of scandal by taking her walks abroad, carrying a huge tame rat in her princely arms, and followed by the unhappy chamberlain, chained to a small cinnamon bear. The rest of the menagerie is made up of dogs and a magpie.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

UNTIL 1876 it was customary for twenty players on each side to take part in Rugby matches; yet only one-third-quarter (or half-back, as he was then called) was played.

E. FORREST, captain of last year's Irish International fifteen, is only twenty-three years of age; he certainly looks much older on the football field. It may be remembered that it was from his foot that the dropped goal came which gave Ireland the victory at Blackheath last year. He is 6ft. 2in. in height, and weighs 13st. 3lb. He is the third brother to gain International honours. Will he lead his men on to another brilliant series of victories this season? I think not.

A moot question amongst Rugby referees, in cases where it is agreed to play without appeal, is as to what their ruling should be when a player commits a fault which tends to the advantage of the other side. For instance, sometimes when the ball is thrown forward it is caught by an opponent, who makes headway, and possibly scores a try. Under the old style of refereeing no appeal would be made, and the try would be scored. Under the present style, should the referee stop the game immediately the throw forward takes place; or should he permit the opponent to take advantage of the other's slip? This is a difficulty in the way of the general adoption of the "no appeal" system, and a ruling by the Rugby Union Committee is called for.

The ethics of League football are not over easy to understand. Even the President of the League is fain to admit that "judged from a general standpoint some of the League rules are anything but equitable." He attempts an excuse for this which will not commend itself as a striking example of wisdom when he says, "Being strong and generous does not find much favour in modern football, and the League is not the only body in connection with our winter game which takes advantage of its power." One course of action which the League pursues with absolute rigour is the boycotting of any club which makes overtures to a League player. League clubs may, and of course do, themselves approach players belonging to clubs outside their own circle, with a view to a transfer of allegiance, but any attempt at retaliation brings a severe penalty upon the offending club.

This policy is keeping apart at the present moment two of the strongest Southern clubs, much to the disgust of many thousands of partisans of either club, who care very little about the standing and authority of the League, but do wish very much to see the question of supremacy amongst Southern clubs adequately tested. Millwall Athletic appear to have had some communication with an Everton player some time back, and the League, on hearing of the fact, promptly declared a boycott, thus debarring Woolwich Arsenal from giving the Millwall club fixtures. The difficulty with Everton was surmounted by a money payment; but the boycott was not removed, another League club having lodged a complaint. So far as I can discover, Millwall's offence against the League was quite unintentional and unconscious, and, if the League people are full of the sportmanlike feeling as they would have us believe, they would unbend somewhat, and give Millwall and the Arsenal the opportunity of fighting out their friendly feud this year.

THERE is a growing feeling amongst Rugbyists that the revolt of many of the chief Northern clubs from the amateur fold is merely a question of time. Recent developments in Lancashire would seem to point to a somewhat earlier rupture with the Rugby Union than has been latterly supposed probable. Amidst the uncertainty now prevailing, there is one thing incontestably clear, and that is that the Rugby Union will not follow in the footsteps of the Football Association by recognising and legislating for professionalism: it will remain a purely amateur body, and the professional clubs will perform form a separate organisation of their own. They will, doubtless, be well able to take care of themselves, whilst I do not know that their defection will seriously weaken the Rugby Union, either in the matter of playing strength in the International matches, or upon the financial side. We should probably find the Southern, Midland, and Western clubs equal to the demand upon them for International players; and as to money, has not the Union some thousands invested in Consols?

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Signed

Available until midnight, November 3rd, 1894.

WORKERS AND THEIR
WORK—No. CXXX.SIR ROBERT S. BALL, LL.D.,
IRISH ASTRONOMER ROYAL.

SIR ROBERT BALL is one of the few people who contrive to combine scientific knowledge with a popular following. He has a high reputation in the scientific world generally, but he has also—what he is far prouder of, and what is likely to make him remembered much longer than the ordinary musty professor—an almost unique position as the interpreter of science to the multitude.

He has written a number of books on astronomy and other abstruse subjects which are capable of being understood by the meanest intelligence, and he has occupied every spare hour that could be snatched from his arduous duties in giving popular lectures on his special subjects all over the country.

Astronomy is a subject which has a peculiar fascination for those who know nothing about it. Most half-educated people, on the rare occasions when there is a clear sky in this country, approach the stars in the attitude of the ditty of their childhood, with the exclamation, "How I wonder what you are!" This intelligent curiosity Sir Robert Ball seeks to alleviate, and, by conjuring the dry bones of scientific facts and figures into life, succeeds in making a number of people cocksure that they know all about a very interesting subject.

I found Sir Robert Ball at the Observatory at Cambridge, which he makes his headquarters during his lecturing tours in England. I was made to screw up one eye and peer through a great big metal barrel and look at a number of more or less indistinct objects, about which Sir Robert told me many picturesque yarns, beginning with those about "Alpha of the Swan," the nearest fixed star, and the number of thousand years that it takes a ray of light to travel thence to us. It was difficult to believe that, if the star I saw so distinctly now suddenly ceased to exist, it would be many thousand years before it ceased to be visible to the inhabitants of this planet. My own belief is that, if it ceased to exist, we should cease to see it, but then I am only an ignorant person, and not an astronomer.

"How did you come to take up astronomy in the first instance?" I inquired presently.

"I did not get on very well at school, because I had no tastes for classics," Sir Robert replied, becoming autobiographical, "and a boy who will not pore for hours a day over his Horace or his Greek lexicon is thought by his masters to be incorrigible. The first subject for which I had any real taste was Algebra. I can well remember the keen delight with which I learned how to solve a problem by means of a simple equation. The ingenuity and the beauty of the process charmed me.

"But when I entered Trinity College, Dublin, I found my mathematical knowledge very elementary, and I had a very wholesome conviction of my own ignorance. Boys should be encouraged to follow out their special tastes for learning, if they have any, instead of being forced to waste their most precious years in trying to learn languages which not one in ten thousand ever learns properly.

"I lived with my widowed mother in Dublin, and being the eldest son and the head of a family of seven, some sense of responsibility had come over me, and I felt that for my mother's sake, if for no other reason, it was my duty to do the very best I could.

"I remember particularly, when I was one day walking home shortly after my entrance, that I suddenly made the decision to try my very utmost to get on in college. From that moment to the present hour I believe I may say that I have been an industrious man; indeed, the only anxiety my mother ever had on my account was lest I should study too hard.

"My industry soon told, and at the end of my college career, when other subjects allied to mathematics came to be studied, I succeeded in leaving the university as the first man of my class. I carried off the great prize, called the studentship, of £100 a year for seven years."

"But so far you had not taken up astronomy seriously?"

"No, only popularly. I was, I think, under eighteen years of age when an uncle presented me with a little book called 'The Orbs of Heaven,' by Mitchell, director of the Cincinnati Observatory. I still treasure the little book. I have owned many another copy of it since, and given away many a one, but I still cherish the little volume, which was the first I ever read on the subject of astronomy.

"I remember being sometimes scolded for sitting up late at night to read my treasure. There was a charm about the book which fascinated me. It brought before my astonished view the wonders of the heavens. Even to this day, I often turn to 'The Orbs of Heaven,' and read it again and again, ever deriving, as I do, some fresh delight from the subject.

"I had the book frequently before me when I was preparing my juvenile lectures at the Royal Institution, and the utmost I could wish for my little volume, 'Starland,' in which those lectures are comprised, is

that it might convey to some of my readers the same pleasure that 'The Orbs of Heaven' gave to me.

"In the course of university studies astronomy can only be regarded as a secondary subject. This is as it should be, for unless mathematics are thoroughly learned in youth, it is impossible in after years to acquire a competent acquaintance with the subject. In an incidental way I learned much that was indispensable for anyone who desires to be an astronomer, though I cannot say that I then had any idea that astronomy was ultimately to become the chief occupation of my life.

"When my University course was over, I set to work to study for a fellowship, but after three failures in the competitive examination, I came to the conclusion that I had no chance. I had refused a situation in the highest department of the Post Office, which was offered by Anthony Trollope, the novelist, who was a relation of my mother. I had also refused to take the head of the Science Department in one of our great English schools, for these and similar proposals which were made to me did not seem to offer the freedom to follow Science for its own sake which was always my desire.

"Once I thought of studying for the engineering profession, and for a while I actually attended a course of Divinity lectures, with a view of taking Holy Orders. When, in 1865, I came to the conclusion that I would no longer study for a fellowship, I still had three or four years to enjoy the emoluments of my studentship, but I was naturally anxious as to what my future should be.

"One evening, when I returned home, I found a letter from a valued friend asking if I would accept the position of tutor to the three younger sons of the late Earl of Ross, and also take charge of the Great Telescope. I jumped at the offer, and that is 'How I became an Astronomer.'"

"You have done a great deal in the way of popular lecturing, I think?"

"Yes, I may say that scores of thousands of listeners have honoured my lectures by their attention during the last fourteen or fifteen years. My appointment to the post of Royal Astronomer of Ireland in 1874 carried with it the duty of lecturing on Astronomy in Trinity College to the students who desired to take up that science.

"You may remember that in 1874 a remarkable astronomical occurrence took place, known as the transit of Venus. Much public interest was aroused by it, and there were long discussions in the Press. I received an invitation from the Directors of the Midland Institute at Birmingham to lecture to their members on the subject on popular lines.

"This was really my first experience of popular lecturing, though I had delivered public lectures on Mechanics already in the Royal College of Science in Dublin. Some of these lectures had been published, and indeed, it was their acquaintance with this book which induced the authorities of the Midland Institute to invite me. The success of this lecture led to many others in all parts of the country. Year after year, the volume of such invitations to lecture increased, until it became impossible for me to accept them all.

"I was, of course, only able to devote to such work whatever leisure I could obtain from my official duties at the Observatory and from my work as a Professor of Trinity College, Dublin. It became necessary to arrange a certain number of weeks each season, which could be devoted to public lecturing, and such invitations as could not be comprised within those limits had to be declined."

"What are your views upon the best methods of lecturing. I suppose it is by no means easy to interest a general audience on questions of a scientific character?"

"Like most other things, it is a question of taking infinite pains. The lecturer must consider carefully the character of his audience, and he must be constantly endeavouring to make each lecture better than the last.

"It is a disputed point whether a lecture should be written or be delivered extempore. I think it depends upon the individual himself. My own experience is that I could certainly not read a lecture to an audience with anything like the same effect that I could produce by speaking directly to them.

"It is true that I always write out my lectures most carefully, and often write them out many times. But I find that I never deliver to the audience exactly what I have written. Like the eminent preacher who said he frequently changed his text while he was going up the pulpit stairs, I often feel an imperative necessity for completely changing the character of a lecture at the last moment.

"One objection which I have found to using a manuscript on the platform is that I like to stand out on the middle of the stage and look full into the faces of the people whom I am striving to interest in my subject. I do not like to be cooped up behind a desk, nor to keep my eyes oscillating between my audience and my papers. Of course, that is only my personal predilection, and it is well known that some of our greatest preachers habitually read those discourses which are the delight of their listeners, and of which every phrase is a gem of exquisite phraseology.

"Of late years I have ceased even to bring with me to the platform any notes whatever. I used to do so until experience taught me that I never had occasion to look at them, or, rather, I should say that I never had time to look at them, my attention being wholly given to the audience.

"The illustration of lectures on astronomy is a specially important matter. I always use the lime-light lantern, for which I have brought together, at no little trouble, some hundreds of slides in illustration of the leading phenomena in astronomy.

"In every case I have procured the very best slides known to me, and much of the beautiful work done in foreign observatories has been pressed into the service.

"When I began, I used to attempt too much at a time. I should now say that about twenty-five pictures is a suitable number. Almost invariably, when the slides are being exhibited, I divide them into three groups separated by intervals, during which the lights are turned up full in the hall. I find the audience likes this plan better than that of keeping the room in semi-darkness during the greater part of the lecture.

"I generally find an hour and a quarter about the right length for a lecture. The assistance of the magic lantern enables an audience to keep up its attention for a longer time than would otherwise be the case.

"A system of lecturing in which I have been specially interested for several years is the Gilchrist lectures. Early in this century Dr. Gilchrist, a Scotsman, bequeathed a part of his property to the advancement of science and education. For a long time the trustees had very little to do, owing to the fact that Dr. Gilchrist had very little to leave. There was, however, one item of £17 10s., which he had invested in the purchase of a piece of land adjoining Sydney Harbour. As Australia advanced, the value of this estate grew by leaps and bounds, until ultimately the trustees disposed of it for upwards of £70,000.

"A great part of these funds is devoted to what are widely known through Great Britain as the Gilchrist lectures. In a certain number of towns every year six lectures are delivered on different branches of science by different specialists, the trustees providing the lecturers, and leaving to the locality the provision of the hall and the necessary appliances. At first sight it might be thought that to bring a number of artisans together to listen to a discourse on some scientific subject, often of an abstruse character, would not be very easy. It has been proved, however, that the difficulty is not to get an audience big enough to fill a hall, so much as to get a hall big enough to hold an audience.

"I remember on one occasion being the guest of the Mayor of a considerable town in Lancashire. My host took a very desponding view of the situation. He knew the townspeople well, he said frankly, and they did not care a rush about the stars, on which I was to lecture. Moreover, the night was wet and stormy.

"As we drove down to the Town Hall, the Mayor's fears seemed likely to be realised, for no one could be seen walking through the streets, except a policeman pacing up and down in front of the hall. The Mayor said he always knew it would be a terrible failure. However, when the policeman came forward to open the door, he astounded his worship with the information that the hall had been packed to the door half an hour ago, and that two hundred people had been turned away, and had gone home out of the rain.

"I now plan out my lectures in winter, so that they shall succeed each other, night after night, with as few interruptions as possible during the weeks that I devote to this business. This naturally means a great deal of running about and getting up early for long railway journeys, which are far more troublesome and fatiguing than the lectures themselves."

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Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, October 26th, 1894, until Midnight, Saturday, November 3rd, 1894. (See column 3, page 251.)

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Now First Published.]

HEART OF THE WORLD.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Cleopatra,"
"The People of the Mist," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. S. HOPE.

SUMMARY.

The story tells of the life of Don Ignacio, a Mexican Indian, of Santa Cruz, as written by himself, and bequeathed to one Jones, an Englishman, with whom in his declining years he had been most intimate. As we are told in the prologue, Don Ignacio ends his days in a cavern at Santa Cruz, which but twenty years before had been the home of a desperate band of robbers, headed by Don Pedro Moreno and his son Don José.

Ignacio, whose father has been murdered by the Spaniards, grows up with an inborn hatred of the Spanish race and a fierce longing to revenge the wrongs they have done to his people. On his twentieth birthday his godfather tells him that he is the only survivor, in direct descent, of the Aztec emperors, and gives him a trinket made of one half of a heart-shaped emerald, so cunningly sawn that without it no one could imitate the missing half. It is the most valued possession of the Aztec kings, and tradition has said that when the two halves come together the Aztecs shall once more reign in Mexico.

Shortly after, Ignacio is solemnly installed as Holder of the Heart, and first in rank among the fallen people of the Indians, who are ready to suffer anything for him.

At Umurro, a village distant many days' march from Santa Cruz, whither Ignacio has gone to inspect an ancient scroll, he meets James Strickland, a very powerful man, of English blood, whom he saves from a murderous plot. He also is greeted by Molas, his foster brother, who is the strange man that in Chiapas, hard by Santa Cruz, in a ruined temple, dwells an old man and his daughter, who is exceedingly beautiful. The old man practices medicine, and is called Zibabay—his daughter, Maya. Zibabay is the holder of the other half of the heart-shaped emerald, and he bids Molas tell Ignacio to visit him. Molas conveys the message.

Ignacio initiates Strickland into the mysteries of the Order of the Heart, and tells him of his desire to visit the sacred city of the Indians, Heart of the World. Ignacio, Strickland, and Molas set out in search of the secret city, but they are wrecked and cast upon the shore near to Don Moreno's home at Santa Cruz. Zibabay and Maya are imprisoned there, but are rescued by the three companions, though in the struggle Molas is killed.

The four then journey towards the city, Heart of the World, of which Zibabay was ruling wisely. He, in obedience to a dream, had left the city, now wasted by disease, in order to find the other half of the emerald, and thus restore the city's fortunes. On the way the Señor Strickland is bitten by a snake.

CHAPTER XIII.

IGNATIO'S OATH.

At sunrise on the following day I lit a fire by which to prepare soup for the Señor, who still slept, and as I was engaged thus I saw the lady Maya walking towards me, and noticed that her hands and feet were swollen.

"Señora," I said, bowing before her, "I humbly congratulate you upon your courage and your escape from great dangers. Last night I said words to you in my grief that should not have been spoken, for it is my fault that I am apt to be unjust to women. I crave your pardon, and I will add that if, in atonement for my past injustice, I can serve you in any way now and afterwards, I pray you to command me."

She listened and answered:
"I thank you for your kind words, Don Ignacio, and I forget other words that were not kind which you have spoken to me from time to time. If in truth you wish to show yourself my friend it is in your power to do so. You have guessed my secret, therefore I am not ashamed to repeat that the Señor yonder has become everything to me, though as yet I may be little to him. I ask you, then, to swear upon the Heart that you will do nothing to turn him from me, or to separate us should he ever learn to love me, but rather, should this come about, that whatever may be our need, you will help us by all means in your reach."

"You ask me to swear a large oath, Señora, and one that deals with the future, of which we have no knowledge," I answered, hesitating.

"I do, Señor, but remember that were it not for me at this moment your friend, who sleeps yonder like a child, would be stiff in death. Remember also that you have ends to gain in the City of the Heart, where it will be well for you to keep me as a friend should we ever live to reach it. Still, do not swear unless you wish, only then I shall know that you are my secret enemy and I shall be yours."

"There is no need to threaten me, Señora," I answered, "nor am I to be moved thus, but I promise that I will not stand between you and the Señor. Why should I? His will is his own, and, as you say, you saved his life. But see, he awakes, and his soup is ready."

She took the pot off the fire, skimmed it, and poured the contents into a gourd.

"Shall I take it, or will you?" she asked.

"I think that you had better take it," I answered.

Then she walked to the hammock and said, "Señor, here is your soup."

He was but newly awakened, and looked at her vacantly.

"Tell me, Maya," he said, "what has happened?"

"Last evening," she began, "in picking a flower for me you were bitten by a snake, and very nearly died."

"I know," he answered, "without doubt I should have died had you not sucked the wound and tied a bandage round my wrist, for that grey snake is the deadliest in the country. Go on."

"After the danger of the poison was past you became thirsty, so thirsty that you were dying of it, and there was no water to give you."

"Yes, yes," he said, "it was agony; I pray that I may never suffer so again. But I drank water and lived. Who brought it to me?"

"My father started on to the next camping-place, where there is a pool," she answered.

"Has he returned?"

"No, not yet."

"Then he cannot have brought the water. Where did it come from?"

"It came from the *cueva*, that cave which we examined before you were bitten."

"Who went down the *cueva* to get it? The place is unclimbable."

"I went down."

"You!" he said in amazement. "You! It is not possible. Do not jest. Tell me the truth quickly. I am tired."

"I am not jesting. Listen, Señor."

You were dying for want of water, dying before our eyes; it was horrible to see. I could not bear it, and I knew that my father would not be

back in time, so I took the water-skin and some torches and went without saying anything to Ignacio. The shaft was hard

to climb and the adventure strange. I will tell you of it by-and-bye, but as it chanced I came

through it safely to find Ignacio about to start on the same errand."

The Señor heard and understood, but made no answer; he only stretched out his arms towards her, and there and thus in the wilderness did they plight their troth.

"Remember I am but an Indian girl," she murmured presently, "and you are one of the white lords of the earth. Is it well that you should love me?"

"It is well," he answered, "for you are the noblest woman that I have known, and you have saved my life."

Zibabay did not return till past midday, when he appeared with the water, leading the mule, which had set its foot upon a sharp stone in the desert and gone lame.

"Does he still live?" he asked of Maya.

"Yes, father."

"He must be strong then," he answered; "I thought that thirst would have killed him ere now."

"He has had water, father. I descended the *cueva* and fetched it," she added after a moment's pause.

The old man looked at her amazed.

"How came it that you found courage to go down that place, daughter?" he asked at length.

"The desire to save a friend gave me courage," she answered, letting her eyes fall beneath his gaze. "I knew that you could not be back in time, so I went."

Zibabay pondered a while, then said:

"I think that you would have done better to let him die, daughter, for I believe that this white man will bring trouble upon us. It has pleased the gods to preserve you alive, remember then that your life belongs to them and that you must follow the path that they have chosen, not that which you would choose for yourself. Remember also that one awaits you in the city yonder who may have a word to say as to your friendship with this wanderer." And he passed on with the mule.

That same evening Maya told me of her father's words and said:

"I think that before all is done I shall need the help that you have sworn to give me, Señor, for I can see well that my father will be against me unless my wish runs with his purpose. Of one thing I am sure, for my life is my own and not a possession of the gods, for in such gods as my father worships and I was brought up to serve I have lost faith, if indeed I ever had any."

"You speak rashly," I answered, "and if you are wise you will not let your father hear such words."

"Least by-and-bye my life should be forfeit to the gods whom I blaspheme!" she broke in. "Say then, do you believe in these gods, Don Ignacio?"

"No, lady, I am a Christian and have no part with idols and those who worship them."

"I understand; it is only in their wealth that you would have part. Well, and why should I not become a Christian also? I have learned something of your faith from the Señor yonder, and see that it is great and pure, and full of comfort for us mortals."

"May grace be given to you to follow in that road, lady, but it is not Christian to taunt me about the wealth that I come to seek for the advantage of our race, seeing that you know I ask nothing for myself."

"Forgive me," she answered, "my tongue is sharp as yours has been at times, Don Ignacio. Hark! the Señor calls me."

For two more days we rested there by the *cueva* till the Señor was fit to travel, then we started on again. Ten days we journeyed across the wilderness, following the line of the ancient road, and meeting with no traces of man save such as were furnished by the familiar sight of ruined pyramids and temples. On the eleventh we began to ascend the slope of a lofty range of mountains that pushed its flanks far out into the desert-land, and on the twelfth we reached the snow-line, where we were obliged to abandon the three mules which remained to us, seeing that no green food was to be found higher up, and the path became too steep for them to find a footing on it. That night we slept with little to eat in a hole dug in the snow, wrapped in our

serapes, or rather tried to sleep, for our rest was broken by the cold, and the moaning of bitter and mysterious winds which sprang up and passed away suddenly beneath a clear sky; also, from time to time, by the thunder of distant avalanches rushing from the peaks above.

"How far must we travel up this snow?" I asked of Zibabay, as we stood shivering in the ashy light of the dawn.

"Look yonder," he answered, pointing to where the first ray of the sun shone upon a surface of black rock far above us; "there is the highest point, and we should reach it before nightfall."

Thus encouraged we pushed forward for hour after hour, Zibabay marching ahead in silence, until our sight was bewildered with snow-blindness, and I was seized with a fit of mountain sickness. Fortunately the climbing was not difficult, so that by four in the afternoon we found ourselves beneath the shadow of the wall of black rock.

"Must we climb that precipice?" I asked of Zibabay.

"No," he answered, "it would not be possible without wings. There is a way through it. Twice in the old days bodies of white men searching for the Golden City to sack it, came to this spot, but, finding no path through the cliff, they went home again, though their hands were on the door."

"Does the wall of rock encircle all the valley of the city?" asked the Señor.

"No, white man, it ends many days' journey away to the west, but he who would travel round it must wade through a great swamp. Also the mountains may be crossed to the east by journeying for three days through snows and down precipices; but so far as I have learned only one man lived to pass them, a wandering Indian, who found his way to the banks of the Holy Waters in the days of my grandfather. Now, stay here while I search."

"Are you glad to see the gateway of your home, Maya?" asked the Señor.

"No," she answered, almost fiercely, "for here in the wilderness I have been happy, but there sorrow awaits me and you. Oh! if indeed I am dear to you, let us turn even now and fly together back to the lands where your people live," and she clasped his hand and looked earnestly into his eyes.

"What," he answered, "and leave your father and Ignacio to finish the journey by themselves?"

"You are more to me than my father."

"But, Maya, having come so far I wish to see the sacred city."

"As you will," she said, letting fall his hand. "See, my father has found the place and calls us."

We walked on for about a hundred paces, threading our path through piles of boulders that lay at the foot of the precipice till we came to where Zibabay stood, leaning against the wall of rock in which we could see no break or opening.

"Although I trust you, and, as I believe, Heaven has brought us together for its own purposes," said the old man, "yet I must follow the ancient custom and obey the oath to suffer no stranger to see the entrance to this mountain gate. Come hither, daughter, and blindfold these foreigners."

She obeyed, and as she tied the handkerchief about the Señor's face I heard her whisper,

"Fear not, I will be your eyes."

Then we were taken by the hand, and led this way and that till we were confused. After we had walked some paces, we were halted and left while, as we judged from the sounds, our guides moved something heavy. Next we were conducted down a steep incline, through a passage so narrow and low that our shoulders rubbed the sides of it, and in parts we were obliged to bend our heads. At length, after taking many sharp turns, the passage grew wider and the path smooth and level.

"Loose the bandages," said the voice of Zibabay.

Maya did so, and, when our eyes were accustomed to the light, we looked round us curiously to find that we stood at the bottom of a deep cleft or volcanic rift in the rock, made not by the hand of man but by that of Nature working with her tools of fire and water. This cleft—along which ran a road so solidly built and drained that, save here and there where snowdrifts blocked it, it was still easily passable after centuries of disuse—did not measure more than forty paces from wall to wall. On either side of it towered sheer black cliffs, honeycombed with doorways that could only have been reached by ladders.

"What are those?" I asked of Zibabay. "Burying-places?"

"No," he answered, "dwelling houses. They were there, so say the records, before our forefathers founded the City of the Heart, and in them dwelt cavemen, barbarians who fed on little and did not feel the cold. It was by following some of these cavemen through that passage which we have passed that the founder of the ancient city discovered this cleft and the good country and great lake that lie beyond it, where the rock dwellers, whom our forefathers killed out, used to live in the winter season. Once, when I was young, with some companions I entered these caves by means of ropes and ladders, and found many strange things there, such as stone axes and rude ornaments of gold, relics of the barbarians. But let us press on or night will overtake us in the pass."

By degrees the great cleft that had widened as we walked, began to narrow again till it appeared to end in a second wall of rock.

Passing round a boulder that lay at the foot of this wall, Zibabay led the way into a tunnel behind it.

"Do not fear the darkness," he said, "the passage is short and there are no pitfalls."



The summary is short, but sufficient. With its help you can begin this—Mr. Rider Haggard's latest and best romance—to-day.

So we followed the sound of his footsteps through the gloom, till presently a spot of light appeared before us, and in another minute we stood on the further side of the mountain, though we could see nothing of the place because of the falling shadows.



Without pausing, Zibalbay pushed on down the hill, and suddenly turning to the right stopped before the door of a house built of hewn stone.

"Enter," he said, "and welcome to the country of the People of the Heart."

As the door was thrown open light from the fire within streamed through it, and a man's voice was heard asking, "Who is there?"

Without answering, Zibalbay walked into the room. It was a low vaulted apartment, and at a table placed before the great fire which burnt upon the hearth sat a man and a woman eating.

"Is this the way that you watch for my return?" he asked in a stern voice. "Haste now and make food ready for us, for we are starved with cold and hunger."

The man, who had risen, stood hesitating, but the woman whose position enabled her to see the face of the speaker, caught him by the arm saying,

"Down to your knees, husband. It is the Cacique come back."

"Pardon," cried the man taking the hint; "but to be frank, O lord, it has been so dinned in my ears down in the city yonder, that neither you nor the Lady of the Heart would ever return again, that I thought you must be ghosts. Yes, and so they will think in the city where I have heard that Tikal rules in your place."

"Peace," said Zibalbay, frowning heavily. "We left robes here, did we not? Go, lay them out in the sleeping chambers, and with them others for these my guests, while the woman prepares our meat."

The man bowed, stretching out his arms till the backs of his hands touched the ground. Then taking an earthenware lamp from a side table, he lit it and disappeared behind a curtain, an example which the woman followed after she had rapidly removed the dishes that were upon the table, and fed the fire with wood.

When they were gone we gathered round the hearth to bask in the luxury of its warmth.

"What is this place?" asked the Señor.

Zibalbay, who was wrapped in his own thoughts, did not seem to hear him, and Maya answered,

"A poor hovel that is used as a rest-house and by hunters of game, no more. These people are its keepers, and were charged to watch for our return, but they seem to have fulfilled their task ill. Pardon me, I go to help them. Come, father."

They went, and presently the Señor awoke from a doze induced by the delightful warmth of the fire, to see the custodian of the place standing before him staring at him in amazement not unmixed with awe.

"What is the matter with the man and what does he want, Ignatio?" he asked in Spanish.

"He wonders at your white skin and fair hair, Señor, and says that he does not dare to speak to you because you must be one of the Heaven-born of whom their legends tell, wherefore he asks me to say that water to wash in and raiment to put on have been made ready for us if we will come with him."

Accordingly we followed the Indian, who led us into a passage at the back of the sitting chamber, and thence to a small sleeping room, one of several to which the passage gave access. In this room, which was lit by an oil lamp, were two beds covered with blankets of deer-skin and cotton sheets, and laid upon them were fine linen robes, and serapes made in alternate bands of grey and black feathers, worked on to a foundation of stout linen. Standing upon wooden stools in a corner of the room, and half-filled with steaming water, were two basins, which the Señor noticed with astonishment were of hammered silver.

"These people must be rich," he said to me so soon as the keeper of the place had gone, "if they fashion the utensils of their rest-houses of silver. Till now this story of the Sacred City of which Zibalbay was cacique, and Maya heiress apparent, has always sounded like a fairy tale to me, but it seems that it is true after all, for the man's manner shows that Zibalbay is a very important person."

Then we put on the robes that had been provided for our use, not without difficulty, since their make was strange to us, and returned to the eating room. Presently the curtain was drawn, and the Lady Maya joined us—the Lady Maya, but so changed that we started in astonishment.

Different, indeed, was she to the ill-clad and travel-stained girl who had been our companion for so many weeks. Now she was dressed in a robe of snowy white, bordered with embroidery of the royal green, and having the image of the Heart traced in gold thread upon the breast. On her feet were sandals, also worked in green, while round her throat, wrists, waist, and ankles shone circlets of dead gold. Her dark hair no longer fell loose about her, but was twisted into a simple knot and confined in a little golden net, and from her shoulders hung a cloak of pure white feathers, relieved here and there by the delicate yellow plumes of the greater egret.

"Like you I have changed my garments," she said in explanation. "Is the dress ugly that you look astonished?"

"Ugly!" he said, "I think it is the most beautiful that I ever saw."

"This the most beautiful dress that you ever saw! Why, friend, it is the simplest that I have. Wait till you see me



in my royal robes, wearing the great emeralds of the Heart; what will you say then, I wonder."

"I cannot tell, but I say now that I don't know which is the most lovely, you or your dress."

"Hush!" she said, laughing, yet with a note of earnestness in her voice. "You must not speak thus freely to me."

Yonder in the pass, friend, I was the Indian girl your fellow traveller, here I am the Lady of the Heart."

"Then I wish that you had remained the Indian girl in the pass," he answered after a pause, "but perhaps you jest."

"I was not altogether jesting," she answered with a sigh, "you must be careful now, or it might be ill for you or me, or both of us, since by rank I am the greatest lady in this land and doubtless my cousin, Tikal, will watch me closely. Hush! here comes my father."

As she spoke Zibalbay entered, followed by the two Indians bearing food. He was simply dressed in a white toga-like robe similar to that which had been given to the Señor and myself. A cloak of black feathers covered his shoulders, and round his neck was hung a massive gold chain to which was attached the emblem of the Heart, also fashioned in plain gold.

We noticed that as he came his daughter, Maya, made a curtsy to him which he acknowledged with a nod, and that whenever they passed him the two Indians crouched almost to the ground.

Evidently the friendship of our desert journeying was done with, and the person of whom we had hitherto thought and spoken to as an equal must henceforth be treated with respect. Indeed the proud-faced white-bearded chief seemed so royal in his changed surroundings that we were moved to follow the example of the others, and bow whenever he looked at us.

"The food is ready," said Zibalbay, "such as it is. Be seated. Nay, daughter, you need not stand before me. We are still fellow wanderers, all of us, and ceremony can stay till we are come to the City of the Heart."

Then we sat down and the Indians waited on us. What the dishes consisted of we did not know, but after our long privations it seemed to us that we had never eaten so excellent a meal, or drunk anything so good as the native wine which was served with it. Still, notwithstanding our present comfort I think the Señor's heart misgave him, and that he had presentiments of evil. Maya and he still loved one another, but he felt that things were utterly changed, as she herself had shown him. While they wandered, in some sense he had been the head of the party, as, to speak truth, among companions of a coloured race a white man of gentle birth is always acknowledged to be by right of blood.

Now things were changed, and he must take his place as an alien wanderer, admitted to the country upon sufferance, and already this difference could be seen in Zibalbay's manner and mode of address. Formerly he had called him "Señor," or even "friend," to-night when speaking to him he used a word which meant "foreigner," or "unknown one," and even myself he addressed by name without adding any title of respect.

One good thing, however, we found in this place, who had lacked tobacco for six weeks and more, for presently the Indian entered bearing cigarettes made by rolling the herb in the thin sheath that grows about the cobs of Indian corn.

"Come hither, you," said Zibalbay to the Indian when he had handed us the cigarettes. "Start now to the borders of the lake and advise the captain of the village of the corn-growers that his lord is returned again, commanding him in my name to furnish four travelling litters to be here within five hours after sunrise. Warn him also to have canoes in readiness to bear us across the lake, but as he values his life to send no word of our coming to the city. Go now and swiftly."

The man bowed and snatching a spear and a feather cloak from a peg near the door, vanished into the night heedless of the howling wind and the sleet that thrashed upon the roof.

"How far is it to the village?" asked the Señor.

"Ten leagues or more," Zibalbay answered, "and the road is not good, still if he does not fall from a precipice or lose his life in a snow-drift, he will be there within six hours. Come, daughter, it is time for us to rest, our journey has been long and you must be weary. Good night to you, my guests, to-morrow I shall hope to house you better." Then, bowing to us, he left the room.

Maya rose to follow his example, and going to the Señor gave him her hand, which he touched with his lips.

"How good it is to taste tobacco again," he said as Maya went. "No, don't go to bed yet, Ignatio, take a cigarette and another glass of this native wine, and let us talk. Do you know, friend, it seems to me that Zibalbay has changed. I never was a great admirer of his character, but perhaps I do not understand it."

"Do you not, Señor? I think that I do. Like some Christian priests the man is a fanatic, and like myself, a dreamer. Also he is full of ambition and tyrannical, one who will spare neither himself nor others where he has an end to gain, or thinks that he can promote the welfare of his country and the glory of his gods. Think how brave and earnest the man must have been who at the bidding of a voice or a vision, dared in his old age, unaccompanied save by his only child, to lay down his state and travel almost without food through hundreds of leagues of bush and desert, that none of his race had crossed for generations. Think what it must have been to him who for many years has been treated almost as a god, to play the part of a medicine-man in the forests of Yucatan, and to suffer in his own person and in that of his daughter, insults and torment at the hands of low white thieves. Yet all this and more Zibalbay has borne without a murmur because, as he believes, the object of his mission is attained."

"But, Ignatio, what is the object of his mission, and what have we to do with it? To this hour I do not quite know."

"The object of his mission, and indeed of his life is to build up the fallen empire of the City of the Heart. In

short, Señor, though I do not believe in his gods, in Zibalbay's visions I do believe, seeing that they have led him to me, whose aim is his aim, and that neither of us can succeed without the other."

"Why not?"

"Because I need wealth and he needs men; and if he will give me the wealth, I can give him men in thousands."

"I hear," answered the Señor. "It sounds simple enough, but perhaps you will both of you find that there are difficulties in the way. What I do not understand, however, is what part Maya and I are to play in this affair, who are not anxious to regenerate a race or build up an empire. I suppose that we are only spectators of the game."

"How can that be, Señor, when she is Lady of the Heart and heiress to her father, and when," I added, dropping my voice, "you and she have grown so dear to one another?"

"I did not know that you had noticed anything of that, Ignatio. You never seemed to, and as you hate women so much, I did not speak of it," answered James, colouring.

"I am not altogether blind, Señor. Also, is it possible for a man not to know when a woman comes between him and the friend he loves? But of that I will say nothing, for it is as it should be; besides, you might scarcely understand me if I did. No, no, Señor, you cannot be left out of this game, you are too deep in it already, though what part you will play I cannot tell. It depends, perhaps, upon what the gods reveal to Zibalbay, or what he guesses that they reveal. At present he is well disposed towards you because he thinks that the oracle may declare you to be the son of Quetzal through whom his people shall be redeemed, since it seems that here there is some such prophecy, and for this reason it is that he has not forbidden the friendship between you and his daughter, or so he hinted to me. But be warned, Señor, for if he comes to know that you are not the man, then he will sweep you aside as of small account, and you may bid farewell to the Lady of the Heart."

"I will not do that while I live," he answered, quietly.

"No, Señor, perhaps not while you live, but those who stand in the path of kings do not live long. Still, though there is cause to be cautious, there is no cause to be downhearted, seeing that if you are not the man, I may be, in which case I shall be able to help you as I have sworn to the Lady Maya that I will do, or perhaps you will be able to help me."

"At any rate, we will stand together," said the Señor. "And now as there is no use in talking of the future, I think that we had better go to bed. Of one thing, however, you may be certain—unless she dies, or I die, I mean to marry Maya."

(To be continued next week.)

DYING BUTCHER (to his wife): "When I am gone, I think you should marry Jones, who manages the business."

Wife: "That has all been arranged some weeks ago." The husband did not live many hours after he heard this.

MINISTER'S wife to her husband: "Will you help me put down the drawing-room carpet to-day, dear? The room is beautifully clean." Minister (vexatiously): "Ah, well, I suppose I will have to." Wife: "And don't forget, dear John, while you are doing it that you are a Minister of the Gospel."

AN old Scotchwoman in the whaling burgh of Peterhead, hearing that a comet was expected to appear, which would perhaps destroy the world, uttered the following lamentation: "Fat will the puir things that's awa' at the Greenland fishin' dee, when they come hame and fin' that there's nae world left till come tae?"

GENTLEMAN: "Waiter, why are the knives in this establishment always so blunt?" Waiter (confidently): "Well, sir, you see city gents are always in a drefull hurry, and when their knives is blunt it takes 'em so long to cut their meat that they're often obliged to go away and leave half of it; and the 'leavings' make beautiful stews! It would never do to have sharp knives—it would ruin the business, sir!"

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FICTION.

A DENTAL EPISODE.

ON a winter day so dreary, he was sitting cross and weary, Poring o'er a musty volume of some clever dental lore, As he nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of someone gently rapping, rapping at his study door; "Tis a patient," then he muttered, "only that and nothing more— Just a patient, nothing more."

He was peering o'er the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter, In there stepped a dressed-up maiden, like a doll from out a store, Then a low obeisance made he, and a "How-d'ye-do?" essayed he, As he gazed upon that lady who had entered at his door; Then she said, "I've got the toothache, only that and nothing more— Just a toothache, nothing more."

When the painful operation had been borne with resignation, And she thanked a kindly Providence that all her pain was o'er, He her fortitude was praising, said her courage was amazing, For the pain must have been dazing; he was startled by a roar, Such a bitter cry of anguish he had never heard before— Never, never heard before.

"Dentist!" cried she, "no man gruffer, I could almost call you duffer, Are you not content with causing all the pain that now is o'er, But that you must crush my bonnet? You are standing now upon it, Oh, pray get you quickly from it, and then, tell me, I implore, Is it trodden on past mending? Can I ever wear it more?" But the dentist answered nothing, for the dentist's heart was sore— Really, very, very sore.

Then she left where she was sitting, and with angry haste was flitting, In the dusty, battered bonnet that had been upon the floor, And her eyes had all the fashion of a person in a passion, In a really dreadful passion, as she slammed the open door, And that dentist sat quite speechless in bewilderment so sore; She had left her tooth as payment, only that, and nothing more— Just a molar, nothing more.

A SECRET CIPHER.—The editor of *Pearson's Weekly* recently received the following letter:—

"Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*: P-o-n-r-m-2-n-o-x-f-3-v-7-3-v-4-7-0-n-2-5-a-b-c-a. Drop one and skip three. Repeat. JASON."

Then followed an elaborate chart which looked like a war map of Corea, with the names of towns left out. The editor was puzzled. He read the letter over again to himself. Then he read it out aloud, running the letters and figures together as if they were one word, in the delusive hope that they might make sense that way. Finding this unintelligible, he read the cipher backward. This made no more sense than the other way. Then he took the letter and compared it with the chart, thinking that one might offer a clue to the other. At last, weary of the task, he turned them over to the assistant editor for translation. The assistant editor had formerly been the puzzle editor to a country paper. And he glanced hurriedly over the manuscript with the eye of one accustomed to such things.

"It's a puzzle," he said, sagely, "and I'll study it out some time during the day."

But this was easier said than done. The puzzle would not yield to any of the common methods of solution. In vain he laid it down on the floor and peered at it from a distance, hoping to discover in the crooked lines some unseen picture. In vain he looked at it from every possible position. In vain he turned it on its face to read the reverse of it. The author was evidently too old a bird to be so easily caught. Finally, in despair, he took it back to the editor.

"It's evidently a puzzle," said he, "but it must be one of the new-fashioned kind that has come up since I went out of that line of business. I'd like to meet the man who made it though," he added, with admiration.

The editor next handed it to the cashier, who is a demon for juggling with figures.

"This looks," said he, after examining the chart carefully, "easy enough, but I'll take it home and go over it to-night."

The next morning he returned to the office with the manuscript, which he silently laid on the editor's desk.

"What did you make of it?"

"Nothing," replied the cashier, with a sigh. "I soon gave up all idea that it was a sum in arithmetic, and then spent half the night comparing it with the atlas. The left hand corner looks like Corea, but the centre is like China, and the lower half was evidently copied from the map of South America. The other corner appears as if the writer was suffering from delirium tremens, and had drawn it with an umbrella. The man is evidently a lunatic. The letter is absolutely unintelligible. I don't think it's written in our language at all."

The editor next handed it to the translator, who had once been private secretary to an admiral, and was au fait on the subject of ciphers.

"Take it at your leisure," said the editor, "and translate it. I am interested to learn what it means."

When the translator handed it back the next afternoon he wore a look of weariness on his face.

"Well?" queried the editor.

"I have studied that thing for twenty-four hours," replied the translator, hoarsely. "I have read it backwards and forwards, and sideways. I have made fourteen different keys out of it in fourteen different languages, but I might as well have tried to write another 'Hamlet.' I imagine it must be Coptic. It certainly is not Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Arabic, Russian, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, French, English, Scandinavian, Danish, or Chinese. These are all the languages I understand. I thought that I had the right keys once, but the figures puzzle me. I can't make head or tail out of it."

"How about the chart?" inquired the editor.

"That is even more mysterious than the letters. It appears a little like the cipher a man once captured on a Russian spy and sent to England, but I fail to find any clue to the letter in it. You had better advertise for the person who sent it, and have it deciphered."

The next morning the editor received a letter, in a lady's handwriting, in which she said: "I sent you a communication and a chart last week, and am surprised not to see them in your valuable columns of 'HOME NOTES.' Perhaps, however, I addressed the envelope wrongly. They are of the greatest value to your lady readers. The directions are for knitting the new style of wrist mittens. I should have added that the material to be used is knitting silk. The chart might be published too, and would help those who are inexperienced to understand it."

This explanation settled matters, and it settled the editor, for he was not heard of for a week afterwards, at least, on the subject of riddles.

IN Genoa the policemen wear silk hats and carry silver-headed walking-sticks. Genoa seems to be the only place where a policeman can look as big as he feels.

"NEHEMIAH, compare the adjective cold," said a schoolmaster to his head boy.

"Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.

OLD MAN (to leader of band on the beach): "Why is it, sir, that you have that immense horn in your hand when there are only four pieces?"

Leader: "Vell, mine friend, I tole you vonce. Dose players in mine pand vos very bat. Dey couldn't play a least mite, und uf de visitors could hear de moosic dey would lynch de hull caboodle uf us. So den I puts mine finger on my forhet like dis, und I tinks uf I got a big horn vot would make more noise as a fog vistle, und drown out some uf dem discords, it would pe all right."

RESULT OF THE "SENTENCE" COMPETITION.

THE following persons have won the penknives offered for the best sentences, words of which commenced with the first letter of the preceding word:

Miss Archer, Bridge Street, Writtle, Chelmsford; James Newton, 5, Fourth Street, Wallendun-Tyne; J. Lloyd, Public Library, Old Brompton Road, B.W.; Miss Otto, 55, Culverden Road, Farnbridge Wells; M. Taylor, 11, Little Road, Finkle Road, Hampstead, N.W.; W. R. Moir, Kirkburn Mill, Peterhead, N.B.; W. Amos, 6, Union Street, Hawick; J. Callan, 31, Noyna Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.; W. Carey Taylor, 94, Church Street, South Shore, Blackpool; Miss H. Waudby, 25, Albion Street, Motherwell, N.B.; E. Duckett, 24, Moody Street, Harcourt Road, Mile End, E.; Lucerne Butland, 20, Stanley Road, Lower Edmonton, Middlesex; B. Davis, Lucerne Villa, St. John's Road, Watford; G. Brown, Burns Place, Bonnington, Edinburgh; Mrs. Hume, South Harting, Petersfield; Sgt.-Major G. W. Browne, R.E., 3, Marie Hill Villas, Cheltenham; Philson, 2, Queensland Street, Liverpool; W. H. Hill, 8, Carisbrook Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Clement Johnston, 5, Thirwall, Green Lane, Bronditch, nr. Sheffield; Heath, Birmingham; S. Belton Road, Willesden Green, London; G. D. Sinclair, 11, South Norton Place, Edinburgh; W. Edwards, 13, Chapel Street, Penmaenmawr, North Wales; P. Snook, Harnham Bridge, Salisbury; W. H. Thompson, 5, Rydar Terrace, Hazelet Road, Twickenham; T. G. Worfield, Fair View, Bushy Grove, Watford; W. D. Williams, 124, Priory Street, Carmarthen; F. Williams, 1, Norrisville Road, Ashley Road, Bristol; C. Westrup, 219, Glossop Road, Sheffield; R. Lonsdale, 81, Green Lane, Helmsford, Lancs.; E. F. Short, Church Street, Sturminster Newton, Blandford, Dorset; E. A. Surberland, 101, Rumford Street, C.O.M.; Manchester; J. Peters, 4, Robin Hood Terrace, Grove Street, Shrewsbury; T. W. Morris, training ship *Shafes*, F.R.S. Gray, Essex; A. Benford, 1, Howard Street, Poulton; E. J. Ball, 15, Firs Glen, Bournemouth; T. R. Forthorpe, T.M.H. Dunlop Head, Liverpool; E. T. Humphries, Wye; R. E. Linstead, 11, Beadall Road, Forest Hill, London; S.E.; Lance-Corporal A. Crawley, P. Company, 4th King's Royal Rifles, Dover; Miss Ireland, Granville Road, Weston Fields, near Leicester; W. M. Braham, 2, St. John's Terrace, Woodbridge, Grimsby; Manchester; Burry, Sgt. E. W. Morrison, Garrison Cells, Chatham; J. B. Smith, Strengthen, Orkney, N.B.; T. Horkirk, 24, Dun-aven Gardens, Belfast; W. Longstaff, N.E. Railway, Cranlington, Northumberland; L. Burgess, 1, West End, St. Blazey, Par Station, Cornwall.

FACTS.

It is said that there are twenty-two ex-sovereigns residing in different parts of Europe, none of them in the countries where they ruled.

COULD extravagance be more exemplified than by the fact that at a certain West-End mansion the other evening the rooms and staircases of the house were decorated with no fewer than 50,000 roses?

If a needle be inserted into the skin of a supposed corpse and withdrawn, the hole will remain open if the patient be really dead. But if the patient lives, the skin will close up and the hole disappears.

AN auditor in a Japanese theatre is allowed, for a small extra fee, to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see.

A CURIOUS article of export from Pakhoi (China) is dried lizards, of which over 100,000 are annually exported, to the value of some £500. They are used for making a medicine called "lizard wine," a tonic and a cure for eye disease.

A RECENT strike of women in Vienna caused an investigation to be made, which elicited the fact that one of the workpeople in the factory there had laboured daily for twenty-three years, and had never received more than 1s. 2d. a day.

WHEN an Armenian maiden attains her seventeenth year and is not engaged to be married, she must undergo a strange punishment. She is forced to fast three days; then for twenty-four hours her food is salt fish, and she is not permitted to quench her thirst.

A CARGO of villas has been despatched from Gothenburg, in Sweden, to Buenos Ayres. They filled fifty railway waggons. The building of portable houses is indeed becoming quite an important industry both in Sweden and Norway. The villas are useful and very cheap, and they have already found buyers in a number of different countries.

ACCORDING to the chairman of the Elham Board of Guardians, a gentlemen living in Folkestone has a peculiar hobby. For some years past this individual has been in the habit of buying good class houses and at once shutting them up, and will not let them although the rentals of some of them would realise £100 a year or more. As the chairman pointed out, the town of Folkestone lost considerably in consequence upon the local rates. It was stated that the houses are allowed to go into dilapidation. In some cases the houses are stated to be furnished before they are shut up.

IN some parts of Australia the postal system is still in a very crude and primitive condition. Along the coach roads in the Illawarra district, near Sydney, may be seen at intervals large boxes secured to the trunks of trees. Any letters, parcels, or newspapers which the mail-coach may bring for the settlers are placed in these boxes, and in due course the inhabitants of the districts whose homesteads are situated some few miles away from the mail route receive their letters and packages. The boxes are not locked or fastened in any way, but it is a remarkable fact that they are never robbed.

THE Tsar has reigned for nearly fourteen years. This has been, it is worth noting, the average length of a Russian reign since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Since about the same date the average length of a Spanish reign has been twenty-one years, of an Austrian reign twenty-six years, of a Prussian thirty years, and of a British reign thirty or thirty-five years, according as George I. is included or excluded. Royal mortality in Russia is higher, too, than in France, where the last six sovereigns reigned on an average twenty years each, although one of them was guillotined, one transported to St. Helena, one deposed, and one forced to abdicate.

IN the dingy restaurants frequented by the lower orders of Rome, Florence, and Naples, a dish composed of the harmless wood serpent's flesh is regarded as something of a delicacy. Parisians of the inferior classes are also great eaters of fried snakes, but unwittingly so, for the reptiles are palmed off on them as eels. The snakes are caught in the wilder part of the Vincennes wood, and brought up to a special market near the Place de la Republique. It is probable, however, that even if the members of the poorer classes here, who occasionally indulge in fried or stewed eels, were apprised of the fraud practised at their expense, they would evince no loathing, nor even lack of appetite, seeing that they are ready to devour not only horseflesh, but meat of mule, donkey, and dog any day in the week.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY (1000) RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the BURGLARY and HOUSE-BREAKING INSURANCE, has been paid up to Nov. 2nd, 1894, and that the policy of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is issued with this Company against the total Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS and the conditions named in the coupon on page 2, and against Burglary and House-breaking to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 214.

Robert Paul

The *Southport Guardian* says:—"We can honestly bestow almost unstinted praise on the first number of *Pearson's Library*. 'A Girl Without a Name' the work of an author also without a name, so far as the title-page shows, though certainly not without much skill and cleverness, and, we should imagine, corresponding experience—is a semi-sensational, psychological story of quite an enthralling kind. The illustrations are artistic. Counting the thumb-nail sketches, there are a hundred in this first story, and they are all really executed."

RAILWAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

England v. America. AN interesting article in *Scribner's Magazine* by Colonel H. G. Prout, compares railway travelling in England and America, and, with the exception of comfort, our own country comes off best in every respect. As regards speed, although America has a few fast special trains, England is ahead under normal conditions. There are 63,000 miles run every day in England at a rate of 40 miles an hour or more, while America's record is only 14,000 miles run at this pace.

L.C. & D. Ry. Co. TRAVELLER writes:—"From Lordship Lane to London, the third class single fare is 6d., return 9d. From Dulwich to London, the third class single fare is 5d., return 8d. A season ticket from Lordship Lane to London is available to Dulwich, but if you travel to Lordship Lane with a season ticket to Dulwich, the company demand the fare between Brixton and Lordship Lane, namely 5d. (For the advantage of the uninitiated I may explain that Brixton is the junction on the main line to Dulwich where the trains to Lordship Lane branch off). I invariably offer 1d., the difference between the ordinary return fares, and receive numerous letters demanding the excess, which I put in the fire, and finally the matter drops. Are the company legally entitled in demanding this amount?"—Yes. When a passenger takes out a season ticket he signs a contract which puts him outside the law to which the ordinary passenger can appeal. On the strength of this contract the company can make any stipulation they like. The case in question, however, is a very ordinary one.

Late Trains. A correspondent writes:—"I wish to call your attention to a very serious complaint on the part of the public by the big headiness of certain officials at the various London termini. It is a very common thing to find the other day I went to Paddington Station to meet an incoming train. I found it at 8.30. The express was not up to time, and I was waiting another appointment in the neighbourhood. I inquired how late the train was likely to be. Nobody knew. It might be in at any minute. Consequently I had to wait within sight of the platform kicking my heels and wasting time. Finally the train came in exactly an hour late. Now, when I arrived at Paddington the train was at Swindon or thereabouts, and some of the officials either know, or ought to have known this. Why on earth could they not have advertised the fact on a board somewhere?"—Granting that the delay occurred a way down the line as my correspondent infers, there can be no question that his complaint is a very just one, and the matter might well engage the attention of the authorities. If through any cause a train is seriously delayed, it would not appear impossible to publish the earliest hour at which, under the circumstances, it could be expected to reach its destination, in the same way as the approximate time of arrival in connection with the various boat-trains is written up on the station blackboards. The Midland, by the way, do publish this information. On the other hand, the delay of which my correspondent complains might with equal probability have occurred within a few miles, or even a few hundred yards, of the terminus, and in this case it would have been obviously beyond the powers of the officials to prophesy when the line would be clear.

Level Crossings. A GREAT weight will be lifted off the public mind when the directors of certain railway companies condescend to recognise the danger of level crossings, not only to those who use them, but to passengers by every train. No one who has looked into the matter at all can fail to realise the risks attending the present system. At every country road and well-established right of way there should be either a bridge or a subway, and by ignoring the necessity for this humane precaution, the various companies show a reckless disregard for the safety of their own patrons and the general public whose property they are allowed to utilise. The present immoral system would appear to be shortly this. Every level crossing must have a sufficient death-roll before a company will interfere. As soon as a certain number of men and horses and cattle have been destroyed, then they will look into the matter, but not before. The same argument apparently applies to bridging over or tunnelling beneath the lines between two platforms. Until there have been a certain number of accidents at small country stations, the passengers are neither strictly forbidden to cross the line nor offered any alternative. Attention cannot be drawn too often to this disgraceful state of affairs until some alteration is made. No doubt it would be impossible to do away with level crossings altogether. In some rural districts, for instance, where the trains run through a large estate or farm, and gates are required from field to field, the expense of erecting bridges and subways would be enormous, but would it not be feasible to introduce some means of locking them automatically either in connection with the signal levers or some mechanical contrivance operated by an approaching train, while previous notice might be given by an electric bell.

HOW DIFFERENT GOVERNMENTS EMPLOY WOMEN.

WHAT ARE MEN TO DO?

A BELGIAN economist has been favouring us with some observations on the subject of the employment of women in Government and other public offices, and has furnished us with certain facts in connection with this phase of the woman question; the former are worth noting as showing one side of this vexed question, the latter are instructive as evidence of the extent to which men are being ousted.

M. Frank is of opinion that it is only bare justice to permit women to fill such posts; the men certainly have no right to a monopoly of all offices in every sphere of activity as some seem to think.

The old argument about a woman's place being at home is answered by him in these words: "Many women have no chance of marrying; they must therefore earn their living. If you prevent them from filling certain honourable positions, you will not necessarily force them to turn to trades or employment for which they are not fitted or which they dislike; you may drive them to something worse. As to the female workers driving the men out of the offices," he says, "such an idea is erroneous; only unmarried women or widows—that is, only a small proportion of the fair sex—seek to fill such posts, and they seldom have any desire to take up positions of responsibility. The important posts are consequently still open to men."

M. Frank concluded a statement of his own views on this subject by a suggestion which has not yet been carried out by Governments and public bodies, and we may safely say that it never will be. After pointing out that the employment of women has enabled the authorities to realise a saving of thirty to forty per cent. in salaries, he says that this difference would permit of increasing proportionately the pay of married men!

Most countries now permit the employment of women in public offices. France seems to have led the way at the beginning of the century by allowing them to fill positions in the Post Office. This example was followed by England in 1837; Norway came next in 1857; then Sweden (1860), the United States (1862), Finland (1864), Switzerland (1870), Austria-Hungary (1871), Italy (1873), Belgium (1877), Holland (1878), Spain (1884), Denmark (1889), and Brazil (1890).

The proportion of women employed in public offices in the above countries is very considerable. In France there are about 9,000 in the Post Office, and the result has been so satisfactory that the authorities have decided to replace men by women wherever practicable.

On the 1st of January, 1893, the six great State railway companies employed 24,080 women. In England, if we exclude the postmen, more than one-fourth of the employees of the General Post Office are women.

Sweden, Hungary, and Russia have generalised the employment of women. The Swedish Ministry of railways, posts, and telegraphs employs more women than men. In Hungary, the Post Office employ 7,750 men (including postmen) and 3,000 women, and the number of the latter is increasing.

In Russia an order was made in November, 1880, that one-fifth of the situations in the railway companies should be held by women; a large number are engaged in the Post Offices, and the lady telegraphists wear a uniform.

At an International Railway Congress in Milan, in 1887, the question of female labour was thoroughly discussed, and the delegates unanimously voted a resolution to the effect that women might be advantageously employed in many duties, especially the working of certain signals, the guarding of level crossings, accounting, and even the management of small stations.

M. Frank champions with considerable skill the cause of the ladies. He is consequently greatly vexed that the present Belgian Administration has been steadily hostile to female labour ever since its advent to power in 1884.

THE Chinese ought to be very good billiard players, for they are accustomed to handling the cue from their earliest years.

AT a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

CORONER: "Is this man whom you found dead on the railway a total stranger?"

PAT (who has been told to be careful in his statements): "No, sor. His legs was gone entirely. He was a partial stranger, sor."

It is related of a clergyman, who was the happy father of a charming and beautiful daughter, that one day, while preparing his Sunday discourse, he was suddenly called away from his desk on a mission of mercy.

So imperative was the summons that he left unfinished this sentence, "I never see a young man of splendid physique and the promise of a glorious manhood almost realised, but my heart is filled with rapture and delight."

His daughter, happening to be in the study, saw the sermon, and read the words. Sitting down, she wrote underneath, "Those are my sentiments, papa, exactly."

NOT SURPRISING.

A YOUNG woman lately returned from Europe was talking with a friend about her experiences. If she is correctly reported, it must be admitted that a foreign tour is not of necessity a liberal education.

She was telling about the wonderful smoothness and pleasantness of the homeward voyage.

"It is a little surprising that you should have had clear weather and nothing else," remarked her friend, who felt obliged to say something.

"Not at all," answered the young lady. "I was told that the captain swept the sky with his telescope the first thing every morning."

AN ORGANIST'S EARNINGS.

THE actual salaries paid to organists vary a great deal and are never large. In small churches or chapels they are often nominal—say £8 to £10 a year; but this sort of work is merely a stepping-stone for young players, or else subsidiary to some other employment; the holder can hardly be called an organist proper.

More regular posts are worth from about £40 to £200 or £300 a year, which is the value of most cathedral appointments.

But the official salary is only a small part of an organist's income. By virtue of his position he enjoys a ready-made teaching connection, which may be developed indefinitely, and he has first claim on local conductors, ships and the like.

A TWO-STOREY TREE.

ON the left bank of the river Oder, in Ratibor, Silesia, Germany, there grows a maple tree which is one of the most remarkable works of art in existence; though a tree, and to that extent a natural object, it has been trained, twisted, and cut until it has become more like a house than a tree.

The tree is a hundred years old, and through the greater part of this time the work of cutting and twisting has been going on. The trunk rises from the ground much like that of any other tree; but a flight of steps leads to the first level, where the branches have been gradually woven together until a firm and heavy floor has been made.

Above this is a second floor, smaller in diameter, and formed in the same way. Around each floor the branches have been woven into solid walls, making two circular rooms. Each of these rooms is lighted by eight windows, which are cut through the walls of branches and foliage.

Below the first floor, at the level of the second, and at the top of the tree, the branches have been allowed to grow out naturally, while the intermediate walls and the edges of the window openings are kept closely trimmed.

These tree-rooms are occasionally used as sleeping apartments in summer. The old tree is in a healthy condition, and promises to remain as a curiosity at Ratibor for many years.

A MAD ESCAPEDE.

WHEN General Thiébaud, then a young man, was with the French army in Italy, near the close of the last century, he had for one of his comrades La Salle, a brilliant soldier, but capable of all manner of strange and foolish pranks. One such escapade is narrated by Thiébaud in his memoirs, recently published.

At the head of a small body of troops La Salle entered Perugia at nightfall, on his return from some expedition. As he rode through one of the streets he noticed a lighted room from top to bottom. A passer-by told him that it was the residence of Madame So-and-so, a beautiful young widow, who was giving a ball to the elite of the city.

La Salle was seized on the instant by one of those strange whims for which he was famous. He halted his squadron, and, covered with dust as he was, rode to the door of the house, mounted the steps, and rode into the hall. Then, at the risk of breaking his neck a hundred times, as Thiébaud expresses it, he put his horse to the marble stairs, and rode across the marble tiles of the hall into the reception-room.

He entered the ball-room "at a gallop," and took his place in the middle of the floor. He had plenty of room, for the dancers, as was naturally to be expected, hastened to make way for him. The orchestra had stopped playing, but he ordered them peremptorily to resume, and, still on horseback, he went through the quadrille.

Then he helped himself to punch, gave his horse lemonade and cakes, rode to the window so that the men could see him, made a low bow to the widow and her guests, rode down the stairs, and rejoined his company in the street, where he was received with acclamation.

Whether the beautiful hostess and her gay companions were able to resume their festivities we are not informed.

The *Plymouth Western Mercury* says:—"We can safely say that no one will commence 'A Girl Without a Name' without finishing it. From beginning to end it is full of mystery or mysteries, and whatever conclusions the reader may arrive at in one chapter he will find upset in the next. It will thus be seen that the work is not of an ordinary character, but is written in powerful, yet attractive, style. Its main incidents are freely illustrated, there being no less than a hundred pretty little pictures, and the whole work is a very creditable production."

HOW THE POOR ARE ROBBED.

SHALL THE GOVERNMENT TAKE UP PAWN-BROKING?

THE SECRET TRICKS OF "THE POOR MAN'S BANKER."

The suggestion that national pawnshops should be established in this country to the exclusion of all private enterprise under the sign of the three golden balls, is a subject which is receiving no little attention at the present time.

The popular vote is, of course, in favour of the assumption by the Government of this avuncular interest in the welfare of its children, because the average pawnbroker is regarded by his customers as an extortioner, although the profits of the trade are not very high, apparently, and the risks of the business considerable.

It is pointed out that on the Continent pawnbrokers have already been superseded to a very considerable extent by the establishment of what are called *Monts de Piété*, or quasi-charitable institutions, the object of which is to lend money to the poor at a moderate rate of interest, and, as everyone knows, there exists in Paris a national pawnbroking establishment under this name, which charges only 9 per cent. on all loans (as compared with 25 per cent. in England), to pay the working expenses, while any surplus is handed over to the public charity funds.

The advocates of the sweeping change now under discussion indicate this Parisian concern as a model on which it might be well to found any similar attempt in England, and regarding the matter solely from the point of view of the public, I am inclined to the belief that the result could not fail to be more satisfactory to everyone concerned than the present system.

It is, however, a little difficult to see what the effect would be from a commercial standpoint, for, if certain undeniable abuses were once recognised officially as sufficient grounds for the absorption of an entire trade by the Government, we should soon have no alternative but to deal at one huge Civil Service Stores, with the Queen as managing director, and the Prime Minister as head cashier.

It is true that on making a comparison of the rules and charges of the Parisian *Mont de Piété* with those of British pawnbrokers, it is by no means apparent, on the face of it, that there is any superiority in the French system. On the one hand the advantages of a low rate of interest are counterbalanced on the other, by the objections to the unavoidable officialdom, which it is commonly supposed makes it more difficult for the poor to obtain advances. It is also maintained that in Britain the borrower obtains a larger advance on his goods owing to the high rate of interest. Now what is the truth of the matter?

An interview with a gentleman who has spent the best years of his life in hind the scenes. connection with the trade, tells me that everything which goes on behind the scenes points to the fact that the sooner a national pawnshop is established in England the sooner will justice be done to those, who very often through no fault of their own are compelled to borrow money on whatever security they can lay their hands on.

In the first place, it is his opinion that officialdom is not a drawback but a protection; and, secondly, as an expert and a connoisseur, it is very apparent to him that the large advances which people are to expect in return for the high rate of interest are for the most part theoretical. Nothing like a fair valuation is as a rule placed upon securities, and this is one of the first abuses which, my informant believes, will not be remedied until an impartial government official occupies the place of the private usurer behind the counter.

While this charge is true almost without exception of the largest and most important establishments in London it applies with even greater force to provincial pawnbrokers, who know very little of the value of articles offered to them by their customers.

It would be too much to expect every pawnbroker to be an expert in precious stones, a connoisseur of china, and a judge of rare editions, furniture, and curios, but in justice to the public it is obvious that they ought to be able to put an approximate value on everything of the kind, and be prepared to make a reasonable advance.

The proportion of valuables which are pledged and never redeemed again is very great, and it is monstrous that some poor fellow, who has nothing but some family heirloom on which to raise a loan, should, if he clings to the hope that better times may come, which would enable him to regain possession of it, only be able to obtain a few shillings, whereas a genuine sale would bring him perhaps £10, or £12 at the lowest estimate.

Some pictures by a well-known artist, which were bought a few weeks ago at a pawnbroker's shop, and sold immediately afterwards as a bargain for over £10, had been received in security for 2s. 6d. from a poor tradesman. Innumerable other instances of the same kind might be cited, and offer certainly strong argument in favour of the abolition of private pawnbroking. The assertion that it is more convenient for the public

to deal in this delicate manner of obtaining loans with a staff of Government officials, than with an independent broker, is supported by the uncomfortable assurance that pawnbrokers seldom regard any transactions with their customers as confidential. The public live under the delusion that their necessity is a secret if they have managed to slip in at the sign of the three balls when the street is empty; and numbers are kept away who have learnt what a mistaken idea this is from experience.

A Lack of Secrecy.

In common fairness absolute secrecy ought to be a matter of course, and gossip under the circumstances can only be regarded as a gross breach of confidence. In the meantime the evil is undeniable, and, while the abuse would disappear if the business were conducted by Her Majesty's servants, the official recognition of the necessity for raising loans on one's personal effects would do away with no little of the stigma which attaches to a visit to the pawnshop at the present time. Apart from this, however, there are other abuses, the disclosure of which cannot diminish the public longing for a new order of things.

Everyone knows, of course, the outlines on which a pawnbroker's business is conducted. In the first place a licence is required, and books have to be kept in a prescribed form, which anyone can examine on payment of a penny. A ticket is given on receiving the goods in pawn; the broker may charge twenty-five per cent. per annum on the money he advances, while a small charge is made for the ticket. Pledges are to be redeemable within twelve months and seven days, and if a pledge over 10s. in value is sold for more than the loan and profit due, the pawnbroker must account for the surplus on demand. These rules apply to any loan not above £10. Beyond this, after the twelve months have expired, no sale of unredeemed articles by private contract may take place until they have been put up to public auction.

Now, my informant, who has spent his life among provincial pawnbrokers, says that in spite of the ridiculously low valuations which are put on pawned articles, it is a matter of the rarest occurrence to hear of any surplus falling into the hands of the pledger. It is impossible, he is prepared to maintain, that unredeemed articles can only fetch the absurd prices entered into the books, and he practically charges pawnbrokers with appropriating the difference, and consequently of making false entries for public inspection.

Some few years ago he pawned a lady's 18 carat gold watch for which he paid £20, and a solid gold Albert chain worth at least £10, for £7 10s., and, after paying the interest for some time, he was finally compelled to let them go. On making an examination of the books some time afterwards, he found the sale of the watch and chain was entered as realising £4 12s. 6d.

It may be suggested that if he had attended the public auction it would have been in his power to discover whether the entry was correct or otherwise, and this brings us to another grave abuse of which he is the exponent.

These public sales conducted by pawnbrokers are too often absolutely bogus. Their own employees represent the auctioneer and represent the public. The thing begins and ends a farce. It is irregularities of this kind which account for the chaotic condition into which the present organisation is falling.

In the event of a national system of pawnshops being established, it is suggested that the majority of unredeemed articles might be sent up to a public mart in London. This would ensure the best prices being obtained, and would lead time after time to a substantial surplus falling into the hands of the pledger.

It is true that at the present time even public sales in London are to a very great extent nothing but elaborate farces, owing to the dealers' trick of having what they facetiously term "Knock-outs."

A bond of instinctive sympathy seems to unite all dealers, and they immediately form themselves into a ring, including, in a great many cases, the showman. The mutual understanding is that they are not to bid against one another, and anything which they want is not to be handed round for public inspection.

When the article is knocked down to one of them at a low figure, they retreat into the street and put it up to auction again among themselves, ultimately dividing the profits. This is of course nothing short of robbery, the purchase money falling among thieves, instead of reaching the pockets of the original owner. They have a friendly way, too, of hustling other bidders, and attracting their attention on some pretext or other, whenever a strikingly good bargain is going under the hammer.

A great deal of this might be done away with if in the new auction room of the London *Mont de Piété* seats were provided, and everyone compelled to sit down in an amphitheatre.

This would to a great extent break up these knock-out rings, and would afford protection to the timid members of the public who are half afraid to hear their own voices, and are carefully prevented from catching the auctioneer's eye by the crowd of dealers round, while the result would be better prices for the poor people who were unable to redeem their pledges.

Bogus sales, however, are not the only dodge provincial pawnbrokers are up to.

It is no unusual thing for one of them to make an arrangement with a friendly customer, and by nominally lending three or four times the value of an article to give a fictitious market value to a pawn ticket. A gold watch, on which £10 has been lent, is naturally supposed to be worth the best part of £50, and a dealer willingly buys the ticket for a few shillings. In exchange for his ten pounds at the pawnbroker's, he gets a trumpery piece of jewellery, and the pledger and pledger share the spoil.

Moreover, take an instance such as is afforded by the following advertisement, picked at random from a daily paper, where it has appeared with slight variations for a month at least:—

VALUABLE BOOKS, about £100 worth, recently mortgaged for £20; owner unable to repossess them; offers vouchers for £3.—Address —

Now this points to one of two things: either the advertiser is in league with the pawnbroker, or he is turning out an extremely profitable thing. The absurdity of the repetition of such an advertisement, if it were genuine, is that any bookseller would at once jump at the chance of securing £160 worth of books for £23, and no second appeal would be necessary.

A similar trick is to dress the window of a pawnshop with articles marked at a fairly heavy price second hand, and the public are led to believe that they are going to purchase a bargain. A set of china marked £3 10s. in a broker's window must be something of rare value, and they become the possessors of it only to hear from an expert that it is common ware manufactured at about a quarter of the price they have paid. Comparatively few of the goods offered for sale in a pawnbroker's window are second-hand at all, but cheap watches and jewellery bought wholesale from Sheffield, and worth only a fraction of the price at which they are marked.

Almost everything of any value is sold at once to the dealers, who ransack these places, and one of whom, with every opportunity for getting at the root of the matter, has directed these criticisms against the present system of pawnbroking.

Perhaps these revelations may throw some light on the question which has been the subject of no little controversy during the last few months.

As far as the interests of the poorest classes are concerned, a national system of pawnbroking is certainly demanded by the present state of things, or at all events a thorough overhauling and exposure of the secrets of the trade.

A DETECTIVE HORSE.

A RECENT "smart capture" of the police is due more to the sagacity of a horse than to any cleverness on their part.

The police had succeeded in capturing a van-load of stolen goods, with which three thieves were making off. One of the thieves was secured, but his comrades escaped. The police were at a loss what to do, as there was no clue by which they could track the fugitives.

Suddenly one of the detectives had a happy idea. He determined to harness the horse, which had been captured together with the van, start it in the direction in which the thieves had been driving, and then leave it to its own devices.

No sooner was this idea conceived than it was executed. The horse was harnessed, and two detectives mounted the cart.

The horse started at a slow pace. First going north, then turning west, it finally halted in front of a house in a narrow alley.

On entering, the police discovered about £400 worth of stolen goods. They concealed themselves, and awaited the return of the thieves. Finally, the two men were quickly secured, and soon found themselves in the nearest police cell.

NEARLY every newspaper we pick up nowadays contains some new horror. In a paper before us is a poem, the author of which says in the first line, "I will not die."

"WHATEVER are you doing right on the top of that tree, Mike? Don't you see that it's being cut down?"

Mike: "Yes, your honour; the last time ye had a tree cut down it fell on the top of me, and, legorra, o'ill be safe this time."

GOVERNESS: "Name the wisest man that ever lived." Little Dick: "Solomon."

Governess: "Correct; name the wisest woman." Little Dick (after meditation): "Well, if I say you, ma will get angry, and if I say ma, you will."

GAMEKEEPER (to small boy whom he has caught bird-nesting): "Noo, I'm just gaun to gie ye a richt guid lickin'."

Small Boy: "Please, sir, dinna lick me; folks say I'm no a' there."

Gamekeeper: "Weel, I canna help that; I'll just lick what there is o' ye there."

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Clean a White Felt Hat. Make a paste of arrowroot (or magnesia) and cold water, and brush it well over the hat. Leave until thoroughly dry, and then brush off with a clean brush. (Reply to DOROTHY H.)

Onion Juice is very useful for various purposes, and it can be easily extracted in the following manner: Peel an onion, quarter it, and place the pieces of onion in a wooden squeezer to extract the juice. About a tablespoonful of juice will be extracted from each onion.

Ceilings should, if possible, be papered; for treated thus, they are much more easy to clean than when washed in the ordinary way. When papered, rubbing over with crumb of bread will clean them effectually and simply. If whitewashed, wash them with soda-water when necessary.

Steamed Pears. Peel the pears thinly, cutting them into halves or quarters, according to size, and leaving a part of the stalk on each portion. Place them in a deep jar with two ounces of sugar and half a pint of water to every six pears. Cover the jar closely, and place it in a slow oven either all night or for four or five hours. (Reply to DOBART.)

Genoese Pastry. Melt two ounces of butter, add to it two ounces of sugar and two well-beaten eggs (the yolks and whites beaten separately). When thoroughly mixed, sift in gradually a quarter of a pound of flour. Grease a flat tin, pour the mixture on to it, and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven. When baked, turn the pastry out on a sieve under-side uppermost, spread with a layer of jam, and then ice it. Cut into fanciful shapes and serve.

Lemon Wine is the recipe which I think you require. Peel very thinly five large lemons, and place the rind in a tub. Make a syrup of four quarts of water and 3lb. of sugar, and boil for thirty minutes. Remove it from the fire, and pour it immediately over the lemon rind. Leave it until the next day, and then add the strained juice of ten lemons. Spread a piece of toast with yeast, and leave it on the top for a day or two until the fermentation begins, then take out the rind and place the wine in a cask, filling it up as it wastes. When the working has ceased, bung it up and in three months the wine will be fit for bottling. (Reply to DARTMOOR.)

Yorkshire Scones. Put three quarters of a pound of flour into a basin, and add a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and half that quantity of tartaric acid, also one ounce of castor sugar. Mix all thoroughly together, and then make a hole in the flour and break an egg into it; slightly beat, and then add some butter-milk, if you have it; if not, plain milk will do. Stir all together, and add sufficient milk to make it into a good batter, and then beat for three minutes. Heat the girdle, grease it, and then put a spoonful of batter on to it. When half cooked, turn carefully with a knife, and brown on the other side. Serve hot, with butter, jam, or treacle. (Reply to X. Y. Z.)

Home Needlework is made easy by the use of good paper patterns. I am sure among my readers there must be many who do their own needlework, and who would find our paper patterns most useful to them, for they combine simplicity, good design, and cheapness—three very important points, I think. We have two catalogues of patterns which will be sent free to any lady on application, one of the *Newest Autumn and Winter Fashions*, and the other of *Underclothing and other Garments for Ladies and Children*. Besides this, we issue fresh designs in "Home Notes" each week. One very useful design was of a child's sleeping suit (No. 193 paper pattern, price 6d.) The importance of children being entirely covered by flannel at night is so great that mothers would do well to adopt this suit for their little ones.

Curried Fowl without Onions. Some people have such an aversion to onions, that, much as they may like curry, they will not eat it on account of its being made with this vegetable. Let them try my recipe. Cut up a fowl into small joints and dip them into the following mixture: a dessertspoonful of curry powder, a large pinch of salt, a dessertspoonful of flour, and a suspicion of cayenne. Rub the mixture well into the fowl, and then place the meat in a saucepan, with a little good stock—sufficient to barely cover it. Let all simmer gently by the side of the fire for an hour. Before serving, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a dessertspoonful of chutney to the gravy; slightly thicken it, and pour over the meat. Serve nicely boiled rice in a separate dish.

To Remove Iron-mould from white cotton or linen articles, lay a little powdered oxalic acid on the spot, leave it for a few moments, and then rinse in clear water.

Woodwork Spotted With Ink may be cleansed by washing it with ammonia and water, in the proportion of a dessertspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water. Should the stains be very hard to remove, just dip the cloth into silver sand; then scour. Rinse afterwards in clear water. (Reply to LEEDS.)

Steamed Apples. Procure some large cooking apples, peel them, and remove the core. Lay them in a stewpan with sufficient water to cover them, and fill the centre of each with white sugar. Let them stew very gently or they will break. Serve in a glass dish, with a spoonful of red currant jelly in the centre of each, and stick them with quarters of blanched almonds.

Hot Water is a Great Restorative for Faded Flowers. Flowers, when sent by post, are apt to arrive at their destination in a somewhat withered condition. If, as soon as they are unpacked, their stems are cut and placed in really hot water, it is wonderful how speedily they will recover. In winter, when flowers are required to last for some time, they should have fresh water every two days, and their stalks should be cut when the water is changed.

Potted Ham is very nice for breakfast and for all kinds of sandwiches, and as boiled ham is frequently seen on the breakfast table, potted ham will be useful for using up the remains when it is too shabby to appear in its original state. Separate the fat from the lean, and allow one ounce of fat to three of lean. Pass both three times through a mincing machine, and then pound them to a paste in a mortar. Mix together well and then press the ham into small jars. Smooth the surface, and pour melted butter over to keep the contents from the air.

The Uses of Paraffin in a Household are numerous, and in house-cleaning nobody should be without it. For cleaning woodwork, use this mixture: cut up half a cake of yellow soap and boil it in a quart of water, remove it from the fire and add to it two table-spoonfuls of paraffin. Leave it to cool somewhat, and then use. Cloths slightly moistened with paraffin are excellent for cleaning windows. When storing woollen or fur goods, place thin old rags, slightly moistened with paraffin, amongst them, and they will be untouched by moths.

To Clear Jelly is a very simple process; to every quart of liquor allow the whites and shells of two eggs, beat them moderately stiff, and then stir into the jelly. Stir over the fire until it boils, and then let it boil for half an hour with the saucepan lid on. At the end of that time stand the pan on the stone floor for five minutes, and then strain the jelly through a jelly bag which has been previously wrung out in hot water. It is a good plan to hang a jelly bag (when the jelly is running through it) on to a rack of the kitchen, for the running through is always a slow process, and should the jelly get cool before it is finished it will require heating again. (Reply to ANNE.)

Rabbit Pudding. Take a nice young rabbit, skin it, well wash it, and cut it into joints, and place it in a stew-pan with a large onion, two carrots, a bay-leaf, and four long pepper. Cover with stock, and let it stew gently for an hour and a half. Take up the rabbit, remove the bones, and pass the meat through a mincing machine; then add to it two table-spoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs, half a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, pepper and salt to taste, and moisten with two well-beaten eggs. Now grease a basin and garnish it with strips of the carrot which was boiled with the rabbit; press the mixture into the basin, cover with buttered paper, and steam for an hour. Meanwhile boil some macaroni in short lengths, and put a ring of it on the dish. Sift chopped parsley over, and in the centre place the pudding. Serve a little good gravy separately in a sauce tureen. (Reply to ADA D.)

Hashed Cod Fish. Take half a pound of salt cod fish and soak it for several hours. Cover with cold water, and put on the range where it will heat very slowly, but not boil. Leave it for two hours, and at the end of that time remove it from the fire. When cold, remove the skin and bones. Chop the fish rather finely, and add to it an equal quantity of cold boiled potato mashed, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, half a cupful of milk, then mix lightly with a fork or beater. Put three small slices of salt pork in the frying pan, and fry slowly for ten minutes; then cook quickly for another ten minutes. Take up the pork and add two table-spoonfuls of the fat with the hash, then turn the hash into the pan with the remainder of the fat and spread it evenly. Cover the pan, and let all cook slowly for half an hour, taking care that it does not burn. Serve immediately it is ready on a hot dish.

On-Cutting Children's Hair. The hair of children, whether they be boys or girls, should be kept short until they are seven years of age. The rapid growth of hair is a great drain upon the system, and when very young children require all their strength to develop the growth of muscle and bone. To keep the head healthy the hair must be cut by an experienced person at regular intervals. After seven or eight years a girl's hair should be allowed to grow, but it must not be cut too frequently before this or it will become harsh and coarse.

Beefsteak Pudding is a very good winter dish. Cut two pounds of tender steak into pieces and dip each in flour, seasoned highly with pepper and salt. Line a pudding basin with light suet crust, place the steak in it, and add a gill of good stock. Cover the basin with crust, wetting the edges so as to prevent the gravy escaping, tie over with a cloth, and boil the pudding gently for two hours. If allowed to boil fast the meat will be hard, however tender it was to start with. Send the pudding to table in the basin, which must be covered with a neatly-folded napkin.

How to Light a Fire. There is a great deal more in lighting a fire than is generally supposed, and the common fault is to fill the grate too full to allow of a good draught of air. When proceeding to lay a fire, remove all ashes and dust from the grate, place a few large cinders as a foundation, and then put some sticks crosswise on to it, then a piece of crumpled paper and a few more sticks, over which place some knobs of coal, set so as to allow a free draught through them. When the fire has burned up small coal may be put on to it, but if added before that time it will merely put the fire out instead of igniting it.

Carbon Paper. I am very glad to be able to give you a recipe for this, and trust you will find it satisfactory. Procure some lamp black and make it into a paste with pure lard, slightly softened by heat. Have ready some thin sheets of writing paper, and smear the lamp black over them with a piece of flannel. Next day wipe the sheets of paper with a soft linen or silk rag, and they will then be ready for use. If you require to make many copies, lay a sheet of carbon paper between each piece of thin writing paper. Place all on a board and write with a stencil rather than a pencil. In this way you may make as many as ten copies at a time. (Reply to ANTHONY.)

A Simple Recipe for Aspic Jelly. The appearance of cold meat, fowls, fish, etc., is greatly enhanced when served with aspic jelly, so I hope a simple recipe for it will be appreciated. A small knuckle of veal, giblets, or lean ham makes a good foundation for the stock. Place the meat in a saucepan with onions, parsley, celery, a blade of mace, and a few peppercorns, and cover with water, or weak stock if you have it. Stew together for five or six hours, then strain into a pan and let it stand all night. Next morning remove the fat, place the stock in a stew pan, and when hot pour it through a fine cloth. For about one and a half pints of stock allow one ounce of gelatine, or more if necessary. Add to it the whites of two eggs and their broken shells, and stir all together until it boils, then let it boil fast for ten minutes; afterwards pour through a jelly bag, and it should be perfectly clear. Flavour with Tarragon vinegar and leave it to get cold. If required for garnishing, some of the jelly should be run into a large flat dish, about half an inch thick, and then cut into pretty designs with a pastry cutter when required.

Isobel

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THE BIRDS WHISTLED THE "DEAD MARCH."

"Even the birds on the trees learned to whistle the 'Dead March.'"

It was an old soldier who was talking. "We were in camp," he said, "in a flat, malarious part of the country. Our Colonel was a splendid fighter, but didn't appear to have any idea of sanitary matters. Just then we were in more danger from disease than from the enemy. Presently fever broke out and the men died by the dozen. Hardly a day but we buried some of them in the swamp. In fact, we played the 'Dead March' so often that I used to fancy the birds in the trees had learned to whistle it. 'Awful sorry, you know, boys,' said our Colonel, 'but so long as we have to stay here, we can't help having the fever.' Yet the Colonel was wrong, as another regiment camped near us almost wholly escaped. But their commander fought the malaria with sanitation and preventive medicine. That made the difference."

In January, 1892, the influenza was epidemic at Stebbing, near Chelmsford. Among the persons attacked were Mrs. Abram Thorogood, of White House Farm, her daughter Annie, and her sons William and Ernest. They had terrible pains in the head, sore muscles and joints, and were very feverish. The whole four, mother and three children, were confined to their beds.

In a letter on the subject Mr. Thorogood says: "My wife became quite delirious; she did not know where she was, and could neither get in nor out of bed. I gave Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup to all of them with excellent results, the fever soon left them, and shortly they were well and strong as ever, and have since remained so. I may mention that many neighbours and friends had the same complaint as my wife and family, but although the others had doctors and the best attention and advice, none recovered so rapidly as my people did. I thank God that I came to hear of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, for although we are a family of seven, living at home, during the eight years I have

kept it in the house we have not needed a doctor, thus saving many pounds in doctors' bills and costly prescriptions.

"The way I first used Seigel's Syrup was this: In the spring of 1883 I began to feel ill and out of sorts. My tongue was dreadfully coated and a thick phlegm covered my gums and teeth. After eating I suffered from pain at the chest and stomach. I had bad nights, and sweat so much that in the morning my underclothing was soaked with moisture. In the following August carbuncles came on the back of my neck, on my nose, and on my cheek bone. What I suffered I cannot describe. I got so low and weak that I could barely crawl about. The doctors did me no good. And as for their physic I might as well have taken tea or water. In pain and suffering I lingered on until I heard, through a neighbour, of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and got a bottle from Mr. W. Linsell, grocer, of Stebbing. A few doses relieved me, and soon the carbuncles disappeared, and I was well as ever. Yours truly (Signed) ABRAM THOROGOOD, White House Farm, Stebbing, by Chelmsford, August 19th, 1892."

In Mr. Thorogood's own case the disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, which poisoned his blood and caused the carbuncles, which are growths on the underlying layers of the skin. After the Syrup had purified his blood they were absorbed and expelled from the system. The effect of the remedy in the cases of the other members of his family shows (what we have often stated), viz., that influenza attacks those whose blood is filled with the poisonous acids thrown into the system by fermented food in the stomach. Mr. Thorogood says his wife had been troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, which was no doubt the case with the children also. Don't allow your blood to become a breeding-ground of disease. On the first signs of indigestion take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. You know the proverb about the ounce of prevention.

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Curtains, 4 yds. by 2

THE BIRDS WHISTLED THE "DEAD MARCH."

"Even the birds on the trees learned to whistle the 'Dead March.'"

It was an old soldier who was talking. "We were in camp," he said, "in a flat, malarious part of the country. Our Colonel was a splendid fighter, but didn't appear to have any idea of sanitary matters. Just then we were in more danger from disease than from the enemy. Presently fever broke out and the men died by the dozen. Hardly a day but we buried some of them in the swamp. In fact, we played the 'Dead March' so often that I used to fancy the birds in the trees had learned to whistle it. 'Awful sorry, you know, boys,' said our Colonel, 'but so long as we have to stay here, we can't help having the fever.' Yet the Colonel was wrong, as another regiment camped near us almost wholly escaped. But their commander fought the malaria with sanitation and preventive medicine. That made the difference."

In January, 1892, the influenza was epidemic at Stebbing, near Chelmsford. Among the persons attacked were Mrs. Abram Thorogood, of White House Farm, her daughter Annie, and her sons William and Ernest. They had terrible pains in the head, sore muscles and joints, and were very feverish. The whole four, mother and three children, were confined to their beds.

In a letter on the subject Mr. Thorogood says: "My wife became quite delirious; she did not know where she was, and could neither get in nor out of bed. I gave Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup to all of them with excellent results, the fever soon left them, and shortly they were well and strong as ever, and have since remained so. I may mention that many neighbours and friends had the same complaint as my wife and family, but although the others had doctors and the best attention and advice, none recovered so rapidly as my people did. I thank God that I came to hear of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, for although we are a family of seven, living at home, during the eight years I have

kept it in the house we have not needed a doctor, thus saving many pounds in doctors' bills and costly prescriptions.

"The way I first used Seigel's Syrup was this: In the spring of 1883 I began to feel ill and out of sorts. My tongue was dreadfully coated and a thick phlegm covered my gums and teeth. After eating I suffered from pain at the chest and stomach. I had bad nights, and sweat so much that in the morning *my underclothing was soaked with moisture*. In the following August carbuncles came on the back of my neck, on my nose, and on my cheek bone. What I suffered I cannot describe. I got so low and weak that I could barely crawl about. The doctors did me no good. And as for their physic I might as well have taken tea or water. In pain and suffering I lingered on until I heard, through a neighbour, of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and got a bottle from Mr. W. Linsell, grocer, of Stebbing. A few doses relieved me, and soon the carbuncles disappeared, and I was well as ever. Yours truly (Signed) ABRAM THOROGOOD, White House Farm, Stebbing, by Chelmsford, August 19th, 1892."

In Mr. Thorogood's own case the disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, which poisoned his blood and caused the carbuncles, which are growths on the underlying layers of the skin. After the Syrup had purified his blood they were absorbed and expelled from the system. The effect of the remedy in the cases of the other members of his family shows (what we have often stated), viz., that *influenza attacks those whose blood is filled with the poisonous acids thrown into the system by fermented food in the stomach*. Mr. Thorogood says his wife had been troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, which was no doubt the case with the children also. Don't allow your blood to become a breeding-ground of disease. On the first signs of indigestion take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. You know the proverb about the ounce of prevention.

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THE CELEBRATED
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ASK ANOTHER.

PENCIL-CASES are offered to the fifty persons forwarding lists containing the greatest number of words of more than three letters in which the letters run alphabetically. (Not necessarily consecutively). Example: "First." Lists, in envelopes marked "Alphabet," to reach us on or before Tuesday, November 6th.

With reference to a correspondent's experience in making a bamboo bicycle, Mr. Harrington, of the Zoar works, writes to inform me that a bamboo machine, constructed at his factory, has been ridden over many hundred miles on all sorts of roads and invariably given satisfaction. I am sure that I am very glad to hear it. He attributes my correspondent's failure to the fact that there are over seventy varieties of bamboo, and that he probably experimented with the wrong kind.

D. F. G. seems to share a very general opinion that the brilliant descriptions of a London Drawing-room which appear in the daily and weekly papers are written by journalists who have the entrée to the Palace for the occasion. This, of course, is ridiculous. The work is commenced by a weary pilgrimage from one fashionable dressmaker's establishment to another, until all the most elaborate gowns have been seen or, at all events, described. Many papers have the greater part of the account written up beforehand, and the writer puts the finishing touches after a run through the Mall, on the day of the Drawing-room, when the crests and coronets on the carriage doors, usually afford a key to the occupants.

X. C. V. wears ready-made trousers, and he wants to know how much is the actual cost of making-up, apart from the value of the material. About three-pence farthing, in most cases, where the girls who do the work are sweated by their employers. They receive the trousers cut out, and the inside and outside seams stitched together. All the rest they have to do themselves. First they put on the hand and sew on twelve buttons. Then comes the lining, the bottom of the legs, the pockets, and finally, six button-holes to be worked, after which the whole garment has to be well hand-pressed. And all this for three-pence farthing! The girls have to find needles and thread for their work.

W. B. writes: Touching the articles on fish at 10s. a ton it may surprise your readers to hear that during the week ending October 6th, mackerel was sold in Lowestoft Fish Market at 1s. and 1s. 6d. per 100 of 120. Query. What price were they retailed at in London?

MR. WALTER DRAPER, F.R.H.S., late of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, writes:—

It may interest the public to know that while permanent lawns for tennis or other purposes have hitherto been unknown in Egypt, I have at last succeeded in introducing a close growing dark green carpet, like turf, from the native grass. It has the advantage of flourishing on a very poor soil, and is unaffected by the heat of the sun.

WHAT brutes some people are! For instance, look at this advertisement which a correspondent has cut out of the *Belfast News Letter*:—

A BEAUTIFUL BOY FOR ADOPTION.

Gentleman going abroad would give his boy to lady or gentleman for the sum of £200; he is strong and healthy, and particularly neat and pretty; aged two years. Address, confidentially.

I wonder whether the Pashas who were recently hauled over the coals in Egypt for buying female slaves will see this by any chance. If so, one can imagine how they must envy the superior civilisation of this country which makes it possible for such an offer to be made, and no doubt accepted under the very eyes of the authorities, and in a public newspaper. Oh happy, happy England! meaning, of course, Ireland.

OBSERVER writes:—

Can any of your readers tell me of an instance to equal the following proof of the industrial powers of the domestic spider and the strength of its web. Walking across the Theatre Plain in Great Yarmouth, a few days ago, I noticed a spider's web reaching from the Wesleyan Chapel to the Theatre Royal, a distance of fully 100 feet.

Appropos of the recent reply to the question "Which is the most momentous order ever given on a field of battle?" a correspondent has been searching in the narrower sphere of English history. The choice, he avers, lies between Wellington's "Up Guards and at 'em," which was the beginning of the end at Waterloo and stayed Napoleon's hand for ever, and the command of Duke William on the battle-field of Hastings, which directed the familiar strategem destined to decide the issue of the day and the future of the country. But for this, Duke William would have been defeated, and England would have been left to work out its own destiny without the stimulant of Norman blood. Singly, neither of those two races could have achieved more than a meagre civilisation, but amalgamated they have given birth to the greatest nation of the world.

A CLUSTER of fungi in G. A. B.'s garden have forced up a huge slab of marble, and he wants to know whether there is anything phenomenal in the occurrence, which of course there is not. This lifting power of vegetable life is a development which one would never expect from such frail material, and it is a little bit ignominious that fungi which one could grind to pulp between one's finger and thumb should be able to lift a block of stone he cannot even move. A horse-radish by the way once forced a passageway through a solid coat of concrete many inches thick.

Appropos of the map now in course of construction by the Government of the United States, which was referred to in a recent issue, J. A. F. writes:—

It may perhaps be news to the majority of your readers that the new Ordnance Survey Map of England and Wales, undertaken by the British Government and carried out by the Royal Engineers, which has been in circulation nearly twenty years and is now rapidly approaching completion, is on the scale of 25 inches to a mile. As the area of England and Wales is about 58,000 square miles, the entire map, when it is published, will cover over six acres.

A. V. S. unburdens his anonymous soul in a long letter dwelling on the power of ivy to assert itself. The walls and ceiling of the tap-room of a certain hotel near Leicester, he informs me, are covered with ivy, which has forced its way in through the window frame and down the chimney. In one or two places it has eaten its way through the plaster to the floor above. The leaves appear to be very sensitive, and shrivel up if they are



even touched. I am glad the plant has some conscience. It isn't very nice to come trespassing into a gentleman's house like that, without so much as a "By your leave" or a "With your leave." The sporting fraternity of the surrounding villages amuse themselves by measuring the tendrils periodically and betting on their growth in a given time—all of which is very wrong.

D. W., a regular reader of *P.W.* in Tokio, sends me a copy of a local paper containing the following sad attestation of the rapid advance of civilisation in Japan. It takes the form of an advertisement.

A young lady wishes to get married. She is very beautiful, has a rosy face, which is surrounded by dark curly hair. Her eyebrows show the form of the half moon, and the mouth is very small and pretty. She is also very rich, well read enough to admire the flowers in the day time at the side of a companion, or at night to sing to the stars in heaven. The man whom she will choose must also be young, handsome, and well educated, and be ready to share the same grave with her.

AMOR, who happens to be in Melbourne for a short while, sends me a long letter, in the course of which he tells me that a man can be married more cheaply in that city than in any other part of the civilised world. The ministers bid against one another in the daily papers, and the holy gentleman offering to bind living couples for 10s. 6d. does not hesitate to express his public contempt for his lowly brother who is willing to carry out the same office in a less ostentatious fashion for the modest sum of half-a-crown.

In the centre of this page is a reduced facsimile of the outside appearance of the second issue of PEARSON'S LIBRARY. My readers will remember that the first number, a complete novel entitled, "A Girl without a Name," was published on the 1st of October, and has met with so favourable a reception that a reprint has been necessary, and copies are still on sale. The second issue is entitled "The Adventures of an Ugly Girl," and is a deeply interesting and exciting story, by Mrs. George Corbett, author of "The Mystery of Fellmore," "A Child of the Sea," etc., etc. This complete novel contains over one hundred illustrations, the artist being Mr. Raymond Potter, a regular contributor to the leading pictorial and art magazines of the day; there is also a frontispiece by M. Georges Montbard. "The Adventures of an Ugly Girl" is published on Thursday, Nov. 1, and I am very confident that readers of *P.W.* will not think that sixpence invested in a copy is ill-spent.

H. B. WILLS asks whether any English cities or towns besides London are counties in themselves and independent of their shires. Sixteen altogether. The cities of Chester, Bristol, Coventry, Canterbury, Exeter, Gloucester, Lichfield, Lincoln, Norwich, Worcester, and York, and the towns of Southampton, Poole, Nottingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Kingston-upon-Hull. All of these are counties corporate with sheriffs and magistrates of their own, and have the legal position of a shire, granted in times gone by as a special mark of favour on the part of the sovereign.

It is, I am sorry to say, a well-known fact that gentlemen in the horse-dealing line are not always truthful. The other day the writer of the series of articles on "What the Very Rich Spend," was told that Lord Lonsdale's favourite riding horse was bought for £800. The gentlemen who made this statement ought to have known. However, the Earl of Lonsdale writes:—

The animal in question cost me no more than £200, and was purchased from Mr. Hames, of Leicester. Moreover, I have no horse in my stables which cost £800, and I have never given that amount, nor am I likely to. With reference to a further statement made in this article as to hunters and hacks having cost £900 and £1,000, it is quite a mistake to suppose that these horses cost these amounts. They may have done so as racehorses or yearlings, and not proving successful have been put to hunting and hacking purposes; but it is scarcely correct to say that they cost £900 and £1,000 as hunters and hacks.

Many thanks to his lordship for putting the matter right.

This week I am led, by the receipt of over a dozen inquiries dealing with the same subject, to implore readers to desist from repeating this question any more. It crops up week after week with the regularity of clockwork, and were it not for the increase this week

I should be content to answer it, as usual, through the post, as it is not a question of very general interest. With very little variety of expression the question runs:—

"Has a human being ever disappeared by spontaneous combustion?" I must state, once and for all, that cases of this sort are absolutely unknown, and exist only in the imagination of supporters of the theory. The human body is much too rich in water to permit of its becoming so saturated with inflammable matter as to endanger life, and it is a wonder to me that there are so many folk about who persist in attaching a certain amount of belief to the rumours of cases of spontaneous combustion that are set afloat from time to time.

P. O. C. was very much shocked the other day to overhear some remarkably strong language used by one of a party of golfers whom he chanced upon in the course of a short walk.

On venturing to suggest that they might with advantage express themselves in less measured terms, they explained to him that they were making use of "bunker language," and my correspondent wants to know if this is a recognised part of the game.

No, I cannot with truth say that the exact words are laid down in the book of rules, but if your ball drops into a place where it will need a lot of strokes to get it out, the language comes naturally by instinct as it were. In Guernsey girls are employed as caddies, and this has done a great deal towards refining the bunker vocabulary.

X. A. S. asks whether fish can ascend rapids? Certainly—by means of a succession of leaps. Photographs taken at Niagara, show that the fish move in a zig-zag direction, tacking like a yacht against the wind.

THE following amounts have come to hand for the Fresh Air Fund since the accounts for the summer of 1894 have been balanced up, and will be carried forward for next year's operations:

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YOUTHS' do., do., from 15/9 to 17/6.

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SHAKESPEARE: "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear" with the wonders of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
LONGFELLOW: "In dark fens of the dismal swamp" they take	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MONSELL: "Christian life's no bank of roses" without	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MOORE: "Oft in the stilly night" people swallow	BEECHAM'S	P	S.
MRS. HEMANS: "The stately homes of England" owe much to	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
LONGFELLOW: "There is a Reaper, whose name is Death," who mortally hates	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
BURNS: "A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink," dinna forget your	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
SHELLEY: "Men learn in suffering what they teach in song," the value of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
HOOD: "It was a childish ignorance" never to have heard of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
KINGSLEY: "Three fishers went sailing out into the West," well stocked with	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
BURNS: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Not if it's	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
LONGFELLOW: "When the hours of day are numbered" look up, and put down	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
TENNYSON: "O well for him whose will is strong," and insists upon having only	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MRS. HEMANS: "O call my brother back to me"; he's going without his	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
CAMPBELL: "Ye Mariners of England," lay in a cargo of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MACKAY: "I fell into grief, and began to complain," because I was run out of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MOORE: "How dear to me the hour when daylight dies," for then I fly to	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
WORDSWORTH: "I travelled among unknown men," but they had all heard of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
LONGFELLOW: "There is no flock, however watched and tended," safe without	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
TENNYSON: "He rose at dawn, and, fired with hope," took	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MACDONALD: "Life is never the same again," if we drop using	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
THOMSON: "There were thousands and thousands of humankind," and they all took	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
PAYNE: "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam," we always carry	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
BURNS: "Stop, passenger, my story's brief"—take	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
WORDSWORTH: "My father was a good and pious man" and swore by	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
BURNS: "O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?" A box of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
TENNYSON: "If you're waking, call me early, call me early,"	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
DRYDEN: "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" Give her my	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
BURNS: "Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize" as	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
KEATSE: "Perfection, beauty, life, they never know" who use not	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
SWAIN: "Home is sweet, and only sweet," which possesses	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MOORE: "A wondrous change was wrought on me" by	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
MOORE: "The cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile" if you're friendly to	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
HOLMES: "I sometimes sit beneath a tree" reminded of	BEECHAM'S	F	S.
BURNS: "To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile" try	BEECHAM'S	F	S.